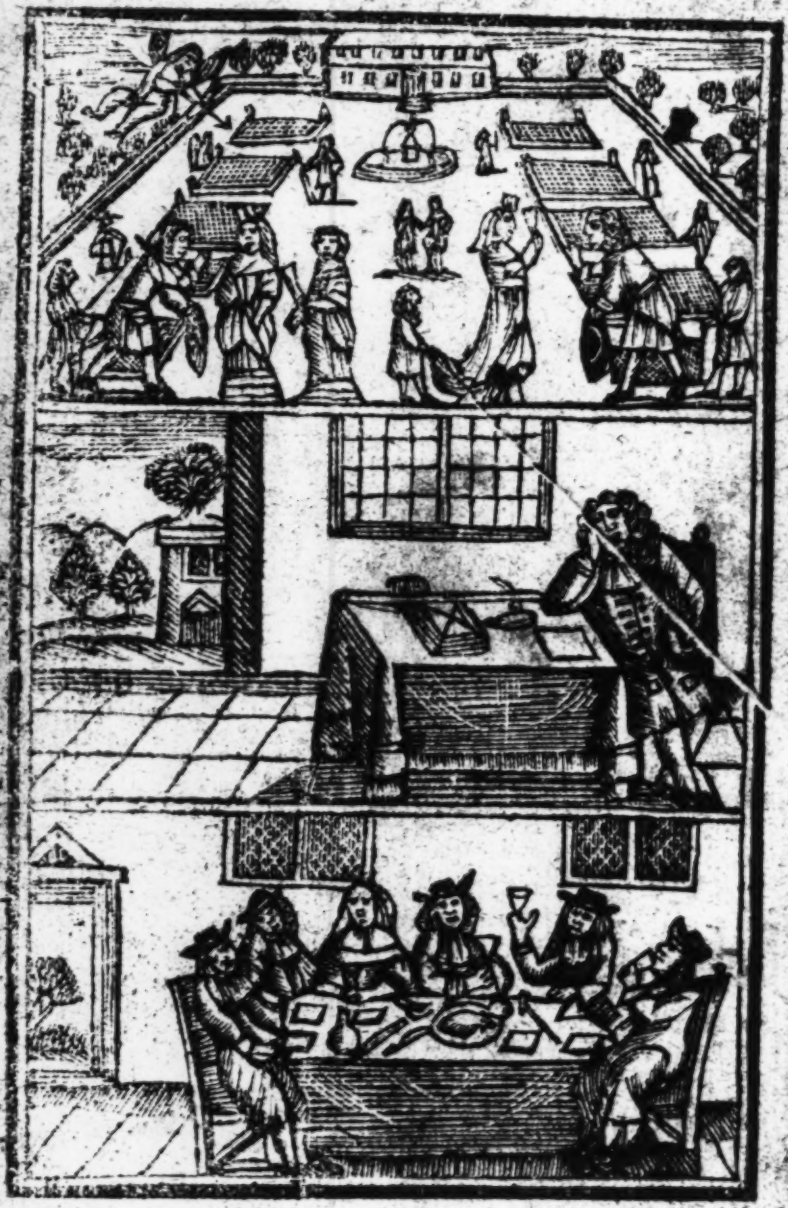
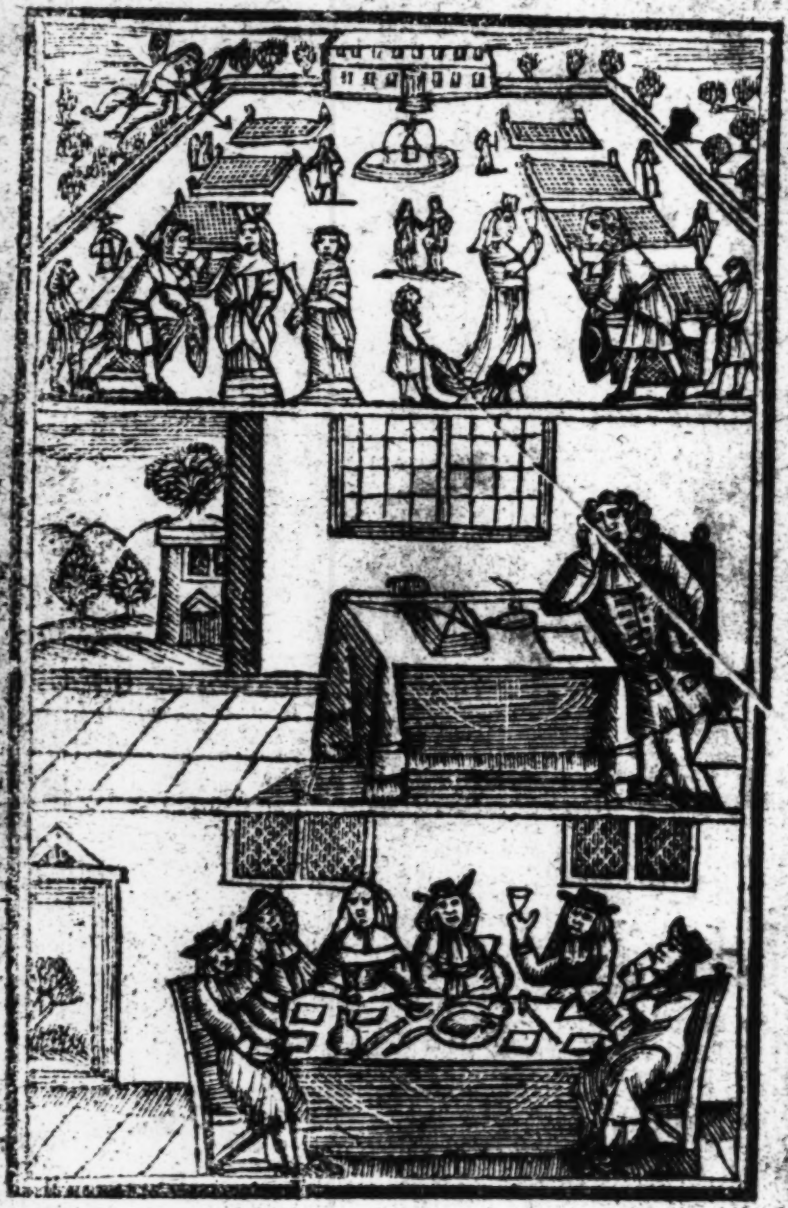
WITS CABINET.



Printed for *J. Clarke*, and *A. Wilde*.

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Wits Cabinet:

OR, A

COMPANION

FOR

Young Men and *Ladies*:

CONTAINING

I. The Whole ART of Wooing and making Love, with the best Complimental Letters, Eleg ant Epistles, Amorous Addresses and Answers, in a most Pleasant and Ingenious Strain, with the Newest SONGS, sung at Court and both Theatres.

II. The School of *Bacchus*; Or, the whole Art of Drinking, taught by a Now and most Learned Method.

III. The Interpretation of all Sorts of Dreams.

IV. The Art of Chiromancy and Palmestry.

V. The several Sorts of Cosmeticks for Clearing and Beautifying the Face, and taking away the Freckles, Morphew, Tetters, and Ring-Worms, and for preserving the Complexion; together with the Way of making all Sorts of Perfumes and sweet Waters.

VI. The Use of Metals and Precious Stones, and the way to Counterfeit them.

VII. Several of the Choicest Secrets of Art and Nature.

VIII. General Rules for the genteel Behaviour of Young Men and Ladies in all Company.

XI. Several Sorts of News from divers Parts, very Jocose and Pleasant. With merry RIDDLES.

The Thirteenth Edition, much Enlarged.

London: Printed for *J. Clarke*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Duck-Lane*: And *A. Wilde*, in *Aldersgate-Street*, 1737.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

READERS.

YOung Gentlewomen; *you, their Adorers,* Young Men, *of all Sorts and Sizes. There is nothing in this World like* Education *and* Accompliſhment, *which ſince* All *have not the Advantage to obtain by* Travel, *it is requiſite they ſhould learn by* Reading. *True it is, there have been ſeveral Books of this Nature; as* Myſteries of Love and Eloquence; *and* Academies of Compliments; *But as thoſe* Feaſts *are the beſt, where there are the moſt* ſubſtantial Variety, *and moſt* Faſhionable; *ſo are thoſe* Books *to* this, *but* meer ſuperannuated *Long lane* Old-Habits. *Here you have a* Proſpect *of* All *that is* New *and* Refined, *for* Compliments *drawn from the* Modern Stage, Diſcourſe, Subjects *the moſt* Fi-

the Choiceſt Language; And *for the* Prolongation *of* Beauty, *thoſe* Ways *and* Means *which the* moſt Modiſh *and* Induſtrious French *have of* late Years *produc'd In ſhort, the* Female Sex *from hence may learn to be* Accompliſh'd *in* Gentility *and* good Houſewifry; Young Men *in* Courtſhip *or* Philoſophy, *which they pleaſe, and as they beſt delight to render themſelves* acceptable *to* All Sorts *of* Company. *Let all then* Buy *and* Read *this* Magazine, *which will never fail the* Purchaſers, *as being devotedly intended for the* General Good *of* Youth's Common-Wealth.

THE

THE Interpretation OF DREAMS.

THE Generality of Men give not much Credit to Dreams; yet considering that many strange Accidents have been foretold by Dreams, many Mischiefs have been prevented, many Wickednesses detected by Dreams, it may not be amiss to set down what Experience has observed concerning them. A Dream therefore is a Motion or Action of the Soul in a various Form, signifying either Good or Evil to come. Dreams are also Speculative, agreeable to the Vision: As, when a Man dreams the Ship wherein he is, perishing, and finds it true; or Allegorical by one thing signifying another.

To dream a Man has a great Head, to a rich Man signifies Dignity; to a poor Man Riches; to a Champion Victory; to an Usurer Hopes of Money; to a Servant long Servitude; to him that hath chosen Quiet, Pain, and Anger.

To dream of long Hair, to Women, wise Men, Kings and Princes, signifies Good.

To dream of long harſh Hair, and out of Order, betokeneth Anger and Heavineſs

To dream of being without Hair upon your Face, betokeneth Shame.

He that dreams of the right Side of his Head ſhav'd, ſhall loſe his male Kindred.

For a Seaman to dream of his Head being poll'd betokeneth Shipwreck.

To dream of a round and fleſhy Forehead, ſignifies Liberty of Speech, Strength and Conſtancy.

To dream you have a Forehead of Braſs, is good to all Vintners, and ſuch as live by ſhameleſs Gain; to others it betokeneth Hate.

To dream of many Ears, ſignifies good to the Rich, if the Ears be well ſhaped; otherwiſe not. 'Tis ill to a Servant, or one that hath a Suit in Law.

To dream of loſing his Ears, betokeneth very ill; of cleanſing the Ear, betokens the Approach of good News.

Graceful and hairy Brows, betoken good to Women; naked Brows betoken ill Succeſs.

To dream of a ſharp Sight, generally good.

Of a troub'ed Look, want of Money; of being blind with both Eyes, Loſs of Children, Father and Mother; but good to them that are in Priſon, and very poor; bad for a Soldier, and all dealing Traders.

Of the Loſs of one Eye, bad to the half part of the former; of three or four Eyes, good to him that determines to take a Wife; of having another Man's Eyes, Loſs of Sight

To dream of having a large Noſe, good to all, of having no Noſe, ominous; and to a ſick Man, betokens Death.

Of having two Noſes, Diſſention and Diſcord,

To dream of fat and full Cheeks, good to Women; of Cheeks full of Wrinkles, betokens Heavineſs.

To dream of a long, thick, unhandſome Beard, is good for Orators, Ambaſſadors, Lawyers, and Philoſophers; if a Widow dreams ſhe has a Beard, ſhe ſhall have a kind Husband.

The ſame Dream to married Women, betokens burying their Husbands; the Beard falling or cut off, ſignifies loſs of Parents, and Diſhonour.

Loſs of Teeth ſignifies Loſs of Friends; having no Teeth, ſignifies Liberty to Servants, to Merchants good Gain by their Merchandize; to have Teeth of Wax, is ſudden Death.

Shoulders thick and fleſhy, are good to all but ſuch as are in Priſon.

To dream of being wounded in the Stomach, to young Men and Women, betokens glad Tydings. Hands fair and ſtrong, denotes Proſperity to Tradeſmen. Gold Rings in the Fingers, ſignifie Dignity and good Fortune.

The Nails longer than ordinary, ſignifie Profit:

The Nails pull'd off, threaten Miſery and Affliction.

To dream of a fat and big Belly, denotes Increaſe of Family and Eſtate.

He that dreams his ſecrets Parts are grown bigger and ſtronger, will be renown'd, and beget Male Children; if a Woman dream ſo, ſhe will bring forth Daughters, and have the Reputation of a vertuous Woman.

If a Maid dreams her Thighs are broken, ſhe will be married to a Stranger, and lead her Life in a Foreign Country; if ſhe be a Wife, ſhe will bury her Husband.

To dream you ſee a Woman's white Thighs, ſignifies Health and Joy.

To dream the Thighs are grown bigger and ſtronger, ſignifies Plenty and Advancement; if a Woman dreams ſo, ſhe will have Comfort by her Children.

If a Woman dreams ſhe is able to run by the Strength of her Knees, it denotes Obedience to her Husband, and Care of her Family.

To dream your Feet are dirty, ſignifies Tribulation.

The upper Ribs broken ſignifies Diſſention with a Man's Wife, which will redound to his Diſgrace.

The lower Ribs broken, denotes Affliction by Female Relations.

He that dreams his Ribs are grown larger and ſtronger than ordinary, will take Delight in his Wife: If he dreams the ſame of his Lips, he ſhall have lovely Children.

He that dreams he is increaſed in Fleſh, will gain Gold and Wealth.

If a Woman dreams her Skin is become black, like a Moor's, ſhe will be taken in Adultery.

To dream a Man's Fleſh is corroded by Lice, ſignifies Plenty of Gold and Silver.

If a married Man dream his Gall is broken, he will have ſome great Conteſt with his Wife.

To dream you ſee a Man naked, ſignifies Fear and Terror; of a Woman naked and clear-skinn'd, Honour and Joy.

For a Man to dream he ſees the Stature or Portraiture of a handſome naked Woman, ſignifies good Luck and Succeſs.

If a Man dreams he ſees his Wife naked, it ſignifies Deceit.

If a Woman dreams ſhe ſees her Husband naked, it ſignifies Succeſs in her Interprizes.

If a Man dreams he ſees his Miſs, ſignifies Danger by that Woman's Craft.

If a Woman she lies ſtark naked in her Husband's Arms, a dream is to ſuch thing, it preſages ill News. But if the Husband have the ſame Dream, it denotes Amity and Profit.

For a Woman to dream her ſelf in Bed with a Man, or deformed Perſon, foretells Diſcontent and Sickneſs.

For a Man to dream himſelf naked in Bed with a handſome Woman, denotes Deceit.

For a Man to dream he has a Crown of Gold upon his Head, ſignifies Favour with his Prince.

For a Woman to dream ſhe is become leprous or meazled, preſages that ſome noble Perſon will beſtow a good Eſtate upon her.

For a Man to dream he is drunk, is Increaſe of Eſtate, and Recovery of Health; if he be drunk in his Dream with Sack or Muſcadel, he will be belov'd by ſome great Lord, and grow rich.

He that fancies himſelf hang'd or whipp'd by Sentence of the Law, ſhall be rich, honoured, and reſpected.

He that dreams he has eat the Fleſh of a Man hang'd, ſhall be enrich'd by foul practiſes.

He that dreams himſelf dead ſhall grow rich, and live long in the Service of a Prince.

For a Man to dream he has won at Dice, denotes that ſome Inheritance will fall to him by the Death of his Relations.

For a Man or Maid to dream they ſtand before a Looking-glaſs, and ſee their true Proportion, is good for thoſe that would be married.

For a Man to ſee himſelf in a Glaſs, not ſuch as he is, ſignifies he ſhall be a Cuckold.

To dream of little Rain, and Drops of Water, is good for Farmers.

To dream of being touch'd with Lightning, is a good Dream for thoſe which would not have their

Sin

Sin and Poverty hidden to those that are unmarried it signifies Marriage.

To dream of a burning Light in a House, is affluence of Goods to the Poor, to unmarried Persons Marriage; to the Rich Health.

To dream of a Lamb in a Ship, signifies great Joy and Tranquility to Navigators.

To dream of Houshold Dogs, signifies Farms, Servants, and Possessions to come; little Ladies Dogs, signifie Delight and Pastime.

To dream of Mules signifie Sickness.

To dream of seeing a tame Lion, signifies Good and Profit.

For a Batchelor to dream of a Wild-boar, denotes that his Wife will be a Scold.

To dream of Asps and Adders, signifies Money and rich Wives.

To dream of seeing a Cock in a House, is good to those that would marry.

A Key seen in a Dream by him that would marry, denotes a handsome Wife, or good Maid.

For a Woman to dream of walking upon the Sea; disquietness of Life.

For a sick Man to dream of marrying a Maid, is Death.

To dream you see the Air cloudy signifies Expedition of Business.

That you gather Apples, signifies Vexation from some Person or other.

To see Armed Men is a good Sign.

To dream you cut Bacon, signifies the Death of some Person.

That you bathe in a clear Fountain, signifies Joy.

That you have a little Beard, signifies Suits and Controversies in Law.

That you catch Bees, Profit and Gain.

To see a Bed well furnish'd signifies Joy.

That

That you hear Bells ring, ſignifies Diſgrace and Trouble.

To ſee a Flight of Birds, ſignifies Suits in Law.

To ſee your deceaſed Brothers and Siſters, ſignifies long Life.

That you ſhoot in a Bow, ſignifies Honour.

To dream you ſee Candles not lighted, ſignifies Reward for ſomething done

That you hear the Cock crow, ſignifies Proſperity

To ſee a dead Coal, ſignifies Expedition of Buſineſs.

To ſee a comely Countenance unlike your own, ſignifies Honour.

To dream you ſee your ſelf with the Devil, ſignifies Gain.

That you ſee an Eagle fly over your Head, ſignifies Honour.

That you ſee a black Face, ſignifies long Life.

That you gather Flowers, ſignifies Mirth and Jollity.

That you kiſs a Perſon deceaſed, ſignifies long Life.

To dream you carry a Maid ſignifies Joy.

To do the Act of Marriage, ſignifies Danger.

For a Man to dream he lies with his Mother, ſignifies certainly in Diſpatch of Buſineſs.

To dream you take hold of one's Noſe, ſignifies Fornication.

To dream of ſeeing your Picture drawn, ſignifies long Life.

To dream of ſeeing Rain, ſignifies great Riches.

When a Man dreams in the Night that he holds a burning Light or Torch in his Hand, it is a good Sign chiefly to thoſe that are young, ſignifying that they ſhall enjoy their Loves, accompliſh their Deſires, overcome their Enemies, and gain Fame and good will from all Perſons.

If a Man dreams he ſees the Cabinet on Fire which belongs to the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, it denotes Death of her

If a Woman dreams that ſhe kindles the Fire, it is a Sign that ſhe is with Child, and will be ſafely deliver'd of a Man Child.

To ſee a Stack of Corn burnt down, ſignifies Famine and Mortality

For a ſick Perſon to dream he ſees a River or Fountain of clear running Water preſages Recovery.

If a young Man dreams he draws Water out of a clear Well, it ſignifies he will be ſpeedily married to a fair Maid that will bring him a Portion

For a Man to dream he has a Glaſs full of Water given him ſignifies a ſpeedy Marriage, and that he will have Children by his Wife.

To dream of incloſed Lands, with Fountains, Fields, pleaſant Groves, and Orchards adjoyning, it denotes That he ſhall marry a diſcreet, chaſte, and beautiful Wife, and that ſhe ſhall bear him handſome Children.

To dream of ſeeing a Barn well ſtored, ſignifies Marriage of a rich Wife, or the Overthrow of Adverſaries in Law.

If a Woman dream of being delivered of a Child it is not big with Child, it is a Sign ſhe ſhall at ſome time happily brought to Bed

If a Maid dreams the ſame Dream, it ſignifies ſatisfying Joy, and ſucceedings Nuptials

If a Man dreams he ſees a Woman brought to Bed it betokens to him Joy and Proſperity.

If a Man dreams his Wife is big with Child and that it really proves ſo, it is a Sign the Child will live, and ſhall reſemble the Father

For Women to dream of Carcenets, Chains, Jewels, precious Stones, and All Adornings of the Head

Wearing

Widows and Maids they signifie Marriage; to those that have no Children, that they shall have them; and to those that have Husbands and Children, they betoken Purchases and Riches.

For Men or Women to dream of Combining themselves, is good to both, and signifies Delivery from ill Times or bad Affairs.

To be before a Looking glass, and to see themselves according to their true Dimensions, is good for him or her that would be married: to those that are married, it betokeneth Children.

For a Man to see himself in a Glass, not such as he is, signifies he shall be made the Father of Bastards, or other Mens Children.

To dream of little Rain, and Drops of Water, is good for Ploughmen.

To dream of being touched with Lightning, to the Unmarried, signifies Marriages; but it breaks Marriages made, and makes Friends Enemies.

A burning Light in a House, clear and clean, is Affluence of Goods to the Poor; to unmarried Persons, Marriage; to the Sick Health.

To dream of having, or seeing the Forehead of a Lion, betokens the getting of a male Child.

To dream of roasted Swine Flesh, signifies Increase of Profit.

To dream of drinking sweet Wine, betokens good Success in Law.

If any one dreams he sees himself wrapped in Cloaths in Fashion of little Children, and sucking some Women's Dug which he knows not, it argueth long Sickness, if he hath not his Wife with Child; for then he shall have a Son born like himself. And if his Wife hath such a Dream, she shall have a Daughter. But if any one being a Priest hath such a Dream, the Devil shall stir up such Temptation against him, that he shall not be delivered [illegible]

and it is not without reason to judge the like in Sickness; but to seem in a Dream to have Milk in her Dugs, to a young Woman it signifies she shall conceive, and her Fruit shall come to Perfection; to an old Woman, being poor, it signifyeth Riches; being rich Expence and Liberality; to a Maid, that her Marriage, is near; for without the Company of a Man, she can have no Milk; but if she be a pretty Maid, and hath been long unmarried, it signifieth her Death; for all Things coming beyond the accustom'd Age are Evil, some few excepted: To a poor Man it is abundance of Money and Possessions, if he can nourish others. Moreover, I have known by Experience, that this Dream foretold one, that was not married, a Wife; and one that had no Children, it foretold Children. But to a Champion and Artificer, and all such as in their Estate travel and move the Body, it signifies Sickness. Also I know one, having a Wife and Children, who had this Dream, and lost his Wife by Death, and always after, himself nourished his Children, carrying towards them the Duty of a Father and Mother gether.

To dream your Head is turn'd, so that it looks backwards, forewarns one not to go out of his Country, and to enterprize no Affairs, lest the Issue be bad. It also shews that they which are in a far Country shall return home.

To dream you have Ox Horns, or any other such like Beasts, foretells violent Death, and suddain beheading, it being incident to horned Beasts.

To dream the Knees are strong and sturdy, signifies Journeys, or other Motions and Operations of Health; but being weak and diseased, the contrary. A Tree or Branch coming out of the Knee [illegible] Slowness and Hindrance; to a [illegible]

oftentimes Death. The Knee ſignifies the Bretheren and familiar Friends, and ſometimes Children.

To dream of running, is good to all except ſick Perſons, when they dream they come well to the End of their Race; for it ſignifieth, that ſhortly they ſhall come to the End of their Life.

If any Dream he is deſpoſed out of his Place, Eſtate and Dignity; it is ill to all, and killeth ſuch as are ſick.

To dream that you are anointed, and painted, is good to all Women, except wicked; for Men it is ill, ſignifying Shame, except to thoſe which are accuſtom'd to uſe them, as Surgeons, Painters, *&c.*

To dream of ſhifting a Shirt or Smock, or that the Cloaths are fallen from the Bed, doth ſignifie hard Lodging, and much ſhifting in other Countries.

To dream of Cow-dung, Horſe-dung and all other, except Man's, is good only to a Ploughman; to others, it is Heavineſs and Hurt.

To dream of gentle Winds is good, violent Winds are wicked and evil People; troubleſome Tempeſts of Winds, are Perils and Troubles.

For Phyſicians, Painters and thoſe that ſell and trade with Egg, to dream of them is good; to others it is good to have little ſtore of them, and ſignifieth Gain; but Plenty of them is Care, Pain, Noiſe, or Law Suits.

To dream of Monſters and Impoſſibilities according to the Courſe of Nature, ſignifies your Hopes will be fruſtrate.

To dream to eat Books, is good to Schollers, and all that make Profit by them and which are ſtudious for Eloquence; to others it is ſudden Death.

Infallible

Infallible Obſervations IN *Chiromancy*, or *Palmeſtry*.

SIGNS of Riches and Good Fortune.

THE Letter *A* in the Root of the Fore-finger promiſes much Riches to him that is poor.

G in the Mount of the Hand, ſhews, that the Perſon ſhall be made rich by the Favour of great Perſonages and Princes

The vital Line putting forth Branches towards the ſupreme Angle, ſignifies Riches with Honour.

The Table Line ſtrait, and very ſmall in the End toward the Fore-finger, ſignifies Rule, and abundance of Wealth.

The Siſter Line to the Line of Life, continued in the Mount of the Thumb, with a Triangle toward the Palm of the Hand, well coloured and proportioned, extended to the Wriſt, denotes Richer through the whole Courſe of a Man's Life,

Small Lines well coloured, proceeding from the Root of the Fore-finger, pointing towards the ſupreme, promiſe increaſe of Riches.

Lines right and ſtrait ſtretching themſelves from the Root or outſide of the Hand; in the Mount or Brawn of the Hand, of good Colour and Form, portend a Continuance of good Fortune.

A Star upon the Outſide of the Foreſinger, ſhews a Man to be Luxurious, but yet that he ſhall come to Riches and Honour by means of Women.

A Character like a Shield or Triangle or of a particular Form upon the Mount of the Sun betokens an honeſt Life, perpetual and double Riches.

The Letter *B* in the Mount of *Jupiter*, betokens great Wealth and good Fortune.

A Character like a Star, In or near the vital Line toward the Wriſt, promiſes Wealth in old Age.

A Star or Stars cutting the vital Line, or appearing in the beginning of the Line of Life, eſpecially if two Stars appear are Signs of great Wealth and Honour.

Many Lines, from the Roof of the Thumb, between the Thumb and the Line of Life, pointing toward the Ring finger, forebodes great Wealth.

A Croſs under the natural Line, ſignifies the getting of great Riches, but with much Labour and Pain.

Perſpicuous Rings like Warts, or little Bits of Fleſh upon the Line of Life, denote Riches.

A Line pointing from the Table Line between the fore and middle Finger, denotes the Perſon to be favour'd by Fortune, yet that the Perſon thro' Diſſimulation and Flattery, makes uſe but of one only Perſon, as to the Advancement of his fortune.

The Table Line ending between the fore and middle Finger promiſes Sufficiency of all Neceſſaries relating to human Being in this Life.

A Line falling between the middle and ring Finger, touching the Roots, and joining to another on the Mount of the middle Finger, this Line pointing to the middle Finger, denotes much future Happineſs, and the ſame if it points to the Mount of *Jupiter*.

A Line well coloured and thick, beginning between the Root of the little and ring Finger and from thence deſcending and pointing toward the Table, declares an excellent Eſtate of Fortune.

The Line of the Sun, extending with a true Proportion to the Root of the ring Finger, ſignifies Riches eſpecially if the Mount of the Finger be well formed.

Lines

Lines like Croſſes in the firſt Joint in the Thumb aſſuredly ſignify Riches.

Little Lines well coloured, paſſing from the Root of the fore Finger, over the Mount of the middle Finger, portend auſpicious Fortune.

A Line or Lines under the Root of the middle Finger, tranſverſe, without being cut by any other Lines, denote a Surpluſage of good Luck.

The Line of *Saturn* running from the Wriſt, and continuing without Interſection, and well coloured, argues great Felicity.

The Letter *D* in the Field of *Mars*, ſignifies great Proſperity.

The Line of *Saturn* making a Trine Proportion from the Wriſt, extending itſelf ſtrait to the Root of the Ring Finger, by the ſide of the little Finger denotes Proſperity.

Lines going from the natural Line, to the Table-Line, makeing a Triangle with the Table Line, denote Goods and Riches to be given to the Perſon.

The natural Line extending itſelf over the Percuſſion of the Hand circular, promiſes indifferent Riches, while young, but Want in old Age, without great Foreſight and Caution.

A right Line well coloured, from the Beginning of the natural Line, and ending at the Root of the fore Finger, promiſes certain Riches, chiefly to Youth.

The ſame Line extended to the Root of the middle Finger, ſignifies Proſperity in the ſecond Age

The ſame Line extended to the little Finger, promiſes Riches in the laſt Age

Four Lines equally diſtant in the Side of the Mount of the Thumb, towards the Arm or Wriſt, and extending themſelves toward the moſt eminent

Parts

Parts of the Mount, promise Wealth and Honour in the first Age.

A Star or Triangle in the Wrist; well formed and disposed, promises Riches in Old Age.

Four Lines in the Wrist, cross the Arm, the two uppermost next the Hand, being larger than the lowermost, the lowermost next the Arm being fine and small, promises great Plenty to the middle Age: but then you must expect a Dimunition of Health and Strength.

If the two Inferior Lines be large and well formed, and the two superior slender and fine, they signifie Eighty Years of Age, and that the first part of the Person's Age shall be mean; but after that, he shall have Increase of Wealth.

A Triangle or Spherical Figure in the Mount of the Fore-finger, well formed and proportioned, promises the Person, though never so poor in his Youth, Store and Plenty afterwards to the End of his Life.

The Table Line full of Branches, and those Branches tending toward the superior Part of the Hand promises great Abundance of all Things.

The Table Line forked in the Ends, intimates the Person shall undergo a laborious Life 'till tweny Years of Age; but after that, his Fortune shall greatly mend.

Branches passing from the Lines of Life, thwarting the Triangle, and also cutting the nature Line, shew, that after Adversity, Prosperity shall follow.

Crosses in the Mount of the Hand, signifies the Acquisition of Riches with great Labour.

All Marks upon the Mount of *Jupiter*, or the Root of the Fore finger, except those like Ladders or Grid-Irons, denote Ecclesiastical or Preferments.

Two

Two Lines cross the Mount of *Mercury*, declare the Person fortunate

Two Lines deep and strait, crossing the first Joint of the ring Finger denote a great Fortune by Wives.

A Line from the Root of the little Finger, to the second or third Joint, of good and equal Proportion, with the Mount well proportion'd, promises Preferment and Magistracy to the Person.

The Mount of the Thumb being full of small Clefts signifies good Fortune in Cattle.

A strait deep Line from the Table Line, tending to the Root of the middle Finger or very near it denotes great Labour and Care in the Management of his Affairs, and that he shall prosper by his Sedulity

The Mount of the middle Finger being smooth, without Lines, and well coloured, betokens a quiet and peaceable Life.

The Table of the Hand smooth, without Wrinkles or ill proportioned Lines, denotes the same.

The uppermost Angle conjoined, directly opposite to the middle of the fore Finger, denotes Felicity, and an unblameable Life,

A Line or Lines strait, fine, and well coloured, tending from the Table Line to the Root of the little Finger, signifies vertuous Resolutions in a Man; and in a Woman, Virginity and Chastity.

SIGNS of Poverty and Misfortune,

A Mark like a Ladder, in the Mount of the fore-Finger, signifies a poor Man.

The vital Line short, sending forth Branches below, denotes Poverty with ill Fortune.

The mensal Line sending forth hairy Branches toward the Table denotes Loss and Misery,

The Natural touching the Table Line in the same manner, portends great Losses and Misfortunes.

The

The Table Line naked, without Branches, and touching the Root of the fore Finger, prognosticates poverty.

A Semi-circle cross in the Bottom of the Ring Finger, discovers an unhappy Man, of an ill Mind and Resolution

Many little Lines in the Mount of the middle Finger, and more than in any other Place, denote a Person always under the Burden of continual Toil and Vexation.

A Triangle in the first Joint of the middle Finger signifies continual Losses and Misfortunes

The Letter *E* in the Triangle of *Mars*, notes Adversities, and Sufferance of ill Fortune.

Branches in the end of the vital Line, bending toward the Wrist, threaten Poverty and Misfortune.

Four or five Lines cutting the Table Lines against the Mount of the middle Finger, denotes Favour and Troubles.

More Lines in the Mount of *Saturn* than elsewhere, threaten the same.

The *Via Lactea*, being a Line extended from the Wrist to the Root of the little Finger, marked and set with cross Lines, prognosticates Damage and Misfortune by Women

The Mount of *Venus* swelling, soft, and tender, cross'd with many Lines, Chequer-like, portends the same

The Mount of *Saturn* depressed and pale, betokens Imprisonment

A Dent in the middle of the natural Line denotes a Thief

Slight Lines between the first and second Joint of the fore Finger, look how many Lines there are, so many Wounds the Person shall have upon the Head.

The

The Table Line joined to the middle natural Line near the ſupreme Angle, making an Angle therewith, threatens ſo much Miſfortune to the Perſon, that he may wiſh he had never been born.

Two Lines between the firſt and ſecond Joint of the Thumb, ſhew the Perſon to be given to Play, and that he ſhall receive much Injury thereby.

The Finger of *Saturn* fuller of Lines than others, ſignifies great Weakneſs and Imperfections in the Nerves, and an Inclination to the Palſie.

The Line of Life extending to the Wriſt, continued, and of equal Breadth, decently broad, deep and equal, well coloured, denotes a long Life.

If the middle natural Line be of a good and equal Breadth and Depth, well articulated, extended to the Top of the Mount of the Moon, and not beyond, it promiſeth long Life.

The Liver Line extended to the middle of the natural Line, deep, large, continued, and well coloured, it denotes a good Liver, and conſequently long Life.

The Line of *Saturn* ſtrait, not interſected, and joined to the middle natural Line againſt the Finger of *Saturn*, or extending it ſelf near thereto, and the Triangle it makes, keeping its due Proportion, preſages a long Life.

The Table of the Hand canſtituted with equal Space, declares a good Complexion, and long Life.

The Table Line continued ſufficiently long, deep, broad and ſtrait, ſignifies a Nature ſound, of good Digeſtion, good Diſpoſitions of the Vitals, and conſequently long Life.

The Space of the Wriſt clear and well coloured, ſignifies the ſame.

The Siſter of the Line of Life ariſing from the ſupreme Angle, paſſing by the Mount of the Thumb, and extending near ſo far as the Wriſt

the Hand, or thereabouts, portend long Life and Luxury.

A Star on the outside of the Fore-finger, discovers a Man to be luxurious; yet that he shall have good Fortune by Women.

The Letter C on the Mount of *Jupiter*, promiseth long Life and Riches, by Women.

Two Lines deep and strait, on the first Joint of the Ring-Finger, most certainly promise much Wealth by Wives.

Four Lines going over the Wrist, transverse and strait, signifie Wealth and Honour by the Death of others

A Triangle or two near the Wrist, with Stars or Lines, which make a sharp Angle, signifies a long Life, and large Possessions by the Death of others.

Two Lines from the first Joint of the Thumb toward the Line of Life, promise a great Inheritance by Succession from the Dead.

Lines extending themselves from the Root of the Thumb, over the Mount thereof, so many as there are in the Hand of a Man, so many Wives or Misses shall he have And in a Woman, so many Husbands or Lovers shall she have.

If these Lines be fair and strait extended, so many Wives or Husbands the Party shall be married to. But if one Line be bigger than the rest, then the Man shall have one Wife, or the Woman one Husband, greater in Dignity or Riches than the rest.

As many Lines as cut the first Joint of the ring Finger, so many Husbands or Wives shall the Party have

Certain little Lines cutting the Lines of Life, being well coloured, as many as there be, so many Sons they promise; either in the Hand of Man or Woman.

A neat equal Line crossing the Table-line from the Natural, towards the little Finger, denotes Virginity and Chastity, and the bigger and more equal the Line is, the bigger Signification it has.

The Palm of the Hand long and broad, is a Sign of easie Delivery.

The Triangle streit and well-disposed in a Woman, prognosticates the same.

A Triangle in the Mount of *Jupiter* denotes Wisdom and Fidelity.

The Letter C on the Mount of *Venus* denotes a Person faithful and ture.

The Table-line making an Angle with the Natural Line, signifies Shortness of Life.

The Shortness of the Vital-line, manifests a short Life, unless there be a good Appearance of the Sister of the Line of Life, or any other Significant.

The Liver Line not observing a Trine proportion, and being intersected with many small Lines, denotes shortness of Life.

A Line cross and crooked, from the Root of the little Finger to the Table-line, denotes a Person of light Behaviour.

Lines Chequer-wise, near the Wrist of the right or left hand, denote a Woman superlatively lustful.

The Table-line forked at the End, toward the Fore-finger, in a Woman, is a very ill Sign of Lewdness.

The Natural-line forked at the End, toward the Liver-line, denotes a light Person.

The Sister of the Vital-line upon the Mount of the Thumb, long and reddish, is the Signal of one that is wanton.

If you would judge of the Virginity of any Person by the Hand, look in her Hand while she is Fasting, and if the Lines be graceful, small and

pale, she is a Virgin, but if broad, ruddy, and broken, infallibly she is corrupted.

Of Moles.

Moles on the right side of the Fore Head, are Signs of great Possessions, and much encrease of the Goods of Fortune. In the Fore-Head of a Woman so they be still on the right side, they denote future Preferment. But on the left side, they signifie the contrary, both to Men and Women.

Moles black or dark, on the right Ear of Men or Women, protend Honour and Renown, Possessions, Inheritench, and Riches; but if the said Moles appear in the left Part, they have the unhappy Signification of Hatred, Contempt, Trouble, Labour and Misfortune.

If a Mole appear between the Eye-brows and edge of the Eye-lid there will another appear between the Navel and the Secrets. Men thus marked, are much given to Women, beyond the Bounds of Honesty; enclin'd to Ravishment, and the height of Debauchery, to marry many Wives, or covet many; so that these Moles denote much Unhappiness to Men, in reference to Women. They also betoken much Unhappiness to the Female Sex; in so much, that *Helen* of *Greece* is said to have had these Moles, whose unfortunate Fortune spilt the Blood of two Nations like Water; and all Antiquity agrees, that a Woman thus marked can hardly prove faithful and true to their Husbands.

If a conspicuous shining or red Mole appear on the Nose of a Man or Woman, another may be found in the most Secret Parts. Many times a Mole on the Nose, betrays another upon the Ribs. And they who are thus marked, whether Man or Woman, are generally superlatively Luxurious. They who have such Moles on the left side of the Nose shall wander from Place to Place, in an unsettled Condition.

A Man that has a Mole on his Lip, hath another on his Testicles, and a Woman, upon the Lips of her Womb. They that have these Moles, are great Eaters or Gluttons, and never fail of a good Stomach. But the Mole of the Lip, has another more eminent Signification; for proceeding from Melancholy, which may be known by the Brownness or Blackness of the Colour; Men so marked, will be famous Orators, eloquent Preachers, and famous Actors. And if other things concur to an ill Signification, the Men are Loquacious, Prattlers, and Medlers with other Mens Business. In short, Men and Women that have Moles on their Lips, infinitely abound in their Tongue, and delight much in a Multitude of Words.

Marks in the Teeth, sometimes white, as proceeding from Flegm; sometimes black, as proceeding from Melancholy, presage the Person Rich, Powerful, and of great Reputation in the World.

A Man or Woman that has a Mole on the Chin, has another answering to it under the Breast, near the Region of the Heart; which Moles signifie Riches in Gold and Silver.

Moles upon the Neck and Throat, have not only a Signification of Riches, Wealth, and good Fortune, but of Health and a strong Constitution.

For a Mole on the Neck or Gullet, commonly signifies one near the Stomach, which demonstrates Strength of natural Heat.

Moles upon the Arms and Shoulders, if they be on the right Side, portend Wisdom and Prudence. On the left they signifie Proneness to Strife and Contention. But Moles near the Armholes and the Region of the Breast, Judicate Beauty, Riches, good Name, Benevolence and Respect.

Moles on the Hands and Feet, indicate Moles upon the *Scrotum* or *Cod*, and signifie in Man or Woman, Fruitfulness and Strength of Nature, as to Procreation.

Moles on the Thighs or Loins of Men or Women are Signs of Want and Infelicity, especially being found on the left side of the Body, or the left Side of the Thigh; and let such take Heed of venereal Misfortunes.

A Mole on the upper part of the Breast, on either Side, especially the left, renders a Man obnoxious to Poverty.

A Mole on the left side of the Heart, denotes wicked and ungracious Qualities; for Persons thus marked are rash, hasty, and headlong in their Actions.

A Mole or Moles on the Belly of Men or Women, denote them Ravenous and great Eaters.

Moles either upon or about the Knees, signifie to a Man Riches by Marriage; to a Woman if it be upon her right Knee, it is a modest Sign of Honour, Honesty and Vertue; if upon the left Knee, it is a Sign of being fruitful in Children.

Moles on the Ancles or Feet, are held to signifie Modesty and something of Effeminacy in Men, but Virility and Courage in Women.

Various Sorts of COSMETICKS.

And First a Fucus *to paint the Face.*

BEfore any *Fucus* ought to be laid on, it is a general Rule, that the Skin muſt be cleaned exactly with warm water, and ſweet ſcented Balls; after that, it muſt be rubbed again with a Cloth, and waſhed a ſecond time with Water, in which Wheat-Bran hath been boiled; by which means the Skin will be fully prepared.

Or elſe Take *Sublimate* one Ounce, Glair of Eggs; boil them in a Glaſs Veſſel 'till they grow thick, and then preſs out a Water to waſh the Face.

To make the beſt Fucus *that ever was known.*

Take *Venetian Talk*, cleave it into ſlices, digeſt it in the Heat of the Sun, or of Horſe-dung for a Month, with diſtilled Vinegar, made of *Spaniſh* Wine, adding every Day new diſtilled Vinegar to the former, till the Vinegar be Mucilaginous; which then diſtil by a luted Retort and Receiver; with a naked Fire: Firſt comes forth the Vinegar, then a white Oil, which you muſt ſeparate. Firſt waſh with the Vinegar, and then anoint with the Oil. If the Face be well cleanſed, as is directed, one anointing will hold for a Month, without fading.

A Fucus *not eaſie to be diſcovered.*

Take Grains of *Paradiſe*, *Cubebs*, *Cloves*, and *Raſpings* of *Braſile*, and infuſe them in rectified Spirit of Wine for ten Days, over a gentle Heat; then ſeparate the Spirit. This gives a freſh, red, and lively Colour, which will laſt long.

A Spa-

A Spanish *Wool.*

Boil Shearings of Scarlet, in Water of quick Lime, half an Hour; of which take two Pounds; to which put *Brazile Rasp'd*, Two Ounces, *Roch Alum*, *Verdigrease*, *Ana*, One Ounce, *Gum Arabick*, Two Drams; boil all these for half an Hour, keep it for your use to dip your Wood in.

Otherwise, Take Spirit of Wine, one Pint, *Cochineal*, half an Ounce, *Rasp'd Brazile*, one Ounce *Gum Armoniack*, three Drams, mix and digest till the Gum be still dissolved, and boil it gently, and strain it: for the same use as before.

A Fucus *of* Bull's *Gall.*

Take Bull's-Gall dried in the Sun, and extract the Fi sture of it with Spirit of Wine, with which besmear the Face, cleaned before according to the second Direction, leaving it on three or four Days without stirring abroad, or exposing the Skin to the Air. After that cleanse the Face by the second Direct on ag in. This is the *Spanish Fucus* now much in Use.

General Cosmeticks.

To clear the Face from Morphew, and defend it from Sun burning.

Take five Pi ts of the Gall of an Ox digested in a *Mary's* Bath four and twenty Hours, *Roch Allum* and Salt of Glass Powdered, of each one Ounce, mix them together, and put them in a Matrice carefully stopped and in *May* expose them to the Sun, shaking them three or four times a Day, then Filtre them. In this Filtred Liquor, mix two Ounces of *Porselain* powdered fine, and dissolve in Spirit of Vinegar, *Borax* and *Sperma Ceti*, of each one Ounce, *Sugar-Candy*, three Ounces, Camphire and sweet Sublimate, Ana, three Drams, which done, expose them again to the Sun,

for ten Days, shaking the Ingredients often; then filtre the Liquor, and keep it for your Use.

A Mask to preserve the Complexion of Ladies, never publish'd before.

Take of the whitest Wax, four Pound, *Sperma Ceti* two Ounces; Oyl of the four greater cold Seeds, cleaned and extracted without Fire; and *Bismuth* precipitated *Ana*, three Drams: *Borax* and *Burnt-Alum*, finely powdered, of each half a dram; melt and mix them in *Balneo Mariæ*, and at the same time dip and spread the Cloth.

The Pigeon-Water.

To beautifie and preserve the Complexion of Ladies, never published before.

Take two young Pigeons gutted, and cut into Pieces, Crumbs of white Bread, half a Pound of Peach-Kernels, and the four greater Seeds cleaned, of each four ounces; Whites of twelve Eggs, and Juice of four Limons, macerate them twelve Hours in four Pints of Goats Milk, then distil them in *Balneo Mariæ*; to the distilled Water add *Borax Camphire*, *Sugar Candy*, and *Burnt-Alum*, of each three Drams; expose them for three Days to the Sun, then let them stand fifteen Days in a Wine Cellar, filtre the Water, and keep it to wash the Face, Morning and Evening.

Another Pidgeon Water.

Take select Myrrh powdered, six Ounces, two young Pigeons gutted, and cut to Pieces; *Spanish* Wine and Whey, of each two Pints; Juice of Limons, bigger Housleek and fragrant Pippen, of each one Pound: Water Roses and Water-Lillies of each half a Pint, two Whites of Eggs; mix them all together in a Glass Alembick distil them in *Balneo Mariæ*, and preserve the Water.

To

To Smooth, Whiten, and Preserve the Complexion of Ladies by the Queen of France's *Doctor*

Take pure fine Sugar one Pound, *Roch-Alum*, three ounces; *White Poppy Seed*, *Bean Flowers*, Flowers of Water-Lillies, Violets, and greater Housleek of each one handful; the Juice of four Limons, the Crum of two white Loaves, Goats Milk and White-Wine, of each two Pints; bruise what is to be bruised, then mix and put all together into a Glass Alembick, distil them in *Balneo Mariæ*, and keep the Water for Use.

A Virgin's Milk to beautifie the Hand and Face.

Take the Dissolution of Litharge of Gold in distilled Vinegar, eight ounces; the Dissolution of Roch-Alum, in Water of Water-Lillies, eight ounces; filtre the Dissolutions apart, then a while after mix them and the Virgin's Milk is made.

They who have Tincture of Borax and Benjamin prepared with Spirits of Wine, may make Virgin's Milk at any time, by mixing a little of the Tinctures with seven or eight times as much distilled Cosmetick Water.

A cheap, but excellent Cosmetick.

Take Allum in fine Powder, and shake it with Whites of new laid Eggs, being a little beated, till such time that they grow thick to an Ointment, so anoint the Face, three or four Days together Morning and Evening.

To cleanse the Face from Scurf and Morphew.

First take distilled Rain-Water six Ounces, Juice of Limons twelve Ounces, mix them and wash with it morning and evening, anointing after it, at Night going to Bed with the following Ointment.

Take common *Pomatum* one ounce, Salt of *Tartar*,

one Dram, Musk twenty Grains, mix them well together.

A Cosmetick *of great Value.*

White *Tartar*, twenty Ounces; *Talk Salt*, of each ten Ounces; Calcine them in a Potter's Furnace very well, then grinding the Substance upon a Marble, put it into *Hippocrates*'s Sleeve, and set it in a Cellar, or other moist Place, for twenty or thirty Days, and there will drop from it a most precious Oil, which, being rubb'd upon the Skin softly with a Linen Cloth, the Skin being first duly cleansed, takes away all kind of Spots, and makes the Skin soft and delicate.

Another of great Value.

Mercury Sublimate, *Saccharum Saturni* of each two Drams: Rose water and Juice of Limons, of each two Ounces; mix them like to an Ointment, with which anoint gently at Night, and the next Morning with the *Pomatum* already mentioned.

A Cosmetick *of Pearls.*

Dissolve Pearls in the Juice of Limons or Distilled Vinegar, and digest them in Horse-dung, till they send forth a clear Oil, which will swim at the top. This is one of the most excellent *Cosmeticks* in the World, but very dear.

To take away Sun-burnings.

To the Glair of ten Eggs, put one Ounce of Sugar-Candy, and anoint with it going to Bed; or anoint with the Juice of Sow bread, at Night going to bed, and in the Morning with Oil *Omphacine*.

To take away Freckles.

To a Quantity of Juice of Limons, in a Glass-Bottle, put fine Sugar and *Borax* in Powder, and digest it eight Days in Sand, and then use it.

A Lisk

A Liniment against Tetters.

Red *Mercurial Precipitate*, and green *Vitriol*, of each one Ounce, Burnt Alum half an Ounce, Verdigreaſe and Borax, of each two Drams, of Red Dock two Ounces, Hog's greaſe and new Butter, of each four Ounces, preſſed Oil of Henbane one Ounce.

A Water to take away Freckles and Morphew in the Face.

Take Strawberries a Pound and an half, Flowers of Lillies and Beans, of each half a Pound, Roch-Allum, and Stone-Allum, of each half an Ounce; Sal Gem, Nitre, Verdigreaſe, of each two Drams, macerate them for ten Days in Malmſey-Wine, Narbone Honey, and White-Wine-Vinegar, of each one Pint, then diſtil them in a moderate Sand bath, and keep the Water.

Dip a Liren Rag in this Water, and lay it where there is occaſion upon the part going to Bed: in the Morning waſh with Water of White-Lillies.

Againſt Tetters, and Ring-Worms.

Diſſolve Sublimate, one Ounce in a Glaſs of Red-wine, by boiling, and waſh the Place Morning and Evening.

To heal Chaps in the Skin.

Anoint with Capon's greaſe, mixed well with Camphire, or elſe Oil of Turpentine, two Drams, mixed with *Unguentum Populeon*.

A Liniment to prevent Scars of the Small Pox.

Take Litharge of Gold prepared, and Ceruſe waſhed in Roſe-water, of each one Ounce, Oil of the four greater cold Seeds, and bitter Almonds and Eggs, of each half an Ounce, Nightſhade and Plantane Water, as much as ſuffices, make this Liniment according to Art, like a *Nutritium*.

To make the Hair Black.

Waſh it with a Spunge with Calx of Luna, made with Spirit of Nitre, mixed with fair Water.

To keep the Hair from falling off.

Take Myrtle-berries, Galls, Emblick, Myrabolan, of each alike; boil them in Oil *Omphacine*, and anoint the Head

To make the Hair grow long and soft.

Distil Hogs grease, or Oil-Olive in an Alembic, and with the Oil that comes from thence, anoint the Hair.

A Dentifrice Powder by the King of France's *Doctor.*

Pumice-stone burnt, white Coral, Cuttle-fish bone and Cream of *Tartar* prepared upon *Porphyry*, the root of *Florence Orice*, finely powdered, of each half an ounce, *Sal Armoniack*, pulveriz'd one dram, Oriental Musk and Ambergrease, Ana three Grains, mingle them, and make a Powder.

You may use it as it is, or mixed with Syrup of dry Roses, or Honey of Roses, and reduce it into an Opiate before you rub your Teeth.

A Famous Odoriferous Water.

Root of Florence Orice, and Benjamin, of each an ounce and an half, sele& Storax; six drams, *Lignum Rhodium*, half an ounce, Aromatick Reed, and *Laudanum*, of each two Scruples; Flowers of Benjamin, one Scruple, being all pulveriz'd and put into a Matrice, macerate them twenty four Hours in a lukewarm *Mary*'s Bath, in a Pint of Rose Water, and half a Pint of Orange-flower-water, the Matrice being well stopt; then distil them in the same Bath, a little hotter, and keep the Water for use, mixing it with Musk and Ambergrease, of each six drams.

This Water is called the Angels-water, because of its sweet and pleasing Odour.

Another sweet Water.

Cloves in Powder, two drams; yellow Sanders, *Calamus Aromaticus*, of each one Scruple, *Aqua Rosarum*

farum Damascenarum, fifteen Pints; digest four Days then distil in an Alembick; to this distilled Water, put in Powder, Cloves, Cinnamon, Benjamin, Storax, Calamita, of each one dram; then put the Water into a Glass Bottle, with Musk and Ambergrease, of each ten Grains, and keep it close stopt.

Or thus

Take Damask-roses exungulated three pound, Flowers of Lavender and Spike, of each four ounces, Clove-Gilli-flowers and Flowers of Jessamine, of each two Pound, Orange-flowers one pound, Citron Peels four Drams, Cloves two Drams, Cinnamon, Storax, Calamita, Benjamin, Nutmegs, of each two Scruples all in Powder. *Aqua Rosarum* six pints digested ten Days then distil in *Balneo Mariæ*; to the distilled Water add Musk and Ambergrease, of each thirty Grains.

Or thus.

Take Roses, Clove Gilliflowers, of each one pound, Flowers of Rosemary, Lavender, Jessamine, Marjoram, Savory, Thyme, of each three ounces, dry Citron Peels one ounce, Cinnamon, Benjamin, Storax, Calamita, of each two drams; bruise the Herbs and Spices well, digest in the Sun two Days, then distil in *Balneo*, to the distilled Water add Musk in Powder one Scruple.

A sweet Water for the Hands.

Oyl of Cloves and Mace, or Nutmegs, three or four Drops only, and mingle it with a pint of fair Water stirring them a pretty while together in a Glass, having a narrow Mouth, till they are well mingled together, and wash your Hands with it.

Another sort of sweet Water.

Damask Roses, Musk Roses, Orange flowers, of each four pound; Cloves two ounces, Nutmegs one ounce; distil in an Alembick, in the

Hold

Nose of which, hang Musk, three scruples, Amber, two scruples, Civet, one scruple tied up in a Rag dipt in Bran, and the white of an Egg mixed.

The Imperial Perfuming Oil.

Ambergrease four Drams, Storax Calaminta, eight ounces, Rose-water, *Oleum Rosatum*, of each two Pound, Oil of Cinnamon and Cloves, of each half a Dram. Put all into a Glass, and digest in Horse-dung twenty Days; that done, gently boil all for a quarter of an Hour; and then let it cool; with a Spoon take off the Oil that swims at top, to which put of Musk and Civet, of each two Drams, digest all in a gentle Heat for twenty Days, and keep it for Use. *Note*, That the Amber and Storax that remain at the bottom will serve to make sweet Balls to lay among Cloaths, Beds or Pomanders.

Oil of Roses, called Fat of Roses.

Damask-Roses, pickle them with Bay salt, and after three Months with a large Quantity of Water, distil them into Ashes with a gentle Fire, so shall you have an Oil and Spirit, which you may keep for other Distillations.

To make a sweet Water.

A Bottle of Conduit Water, a Platter full of young Bay leaves, a good quantity of Damask Rose-leaves, a good quantity of Lavender, Sweet Marjoram and Basil, Cloves, an ounce and an half; Benjamin, an ounce, Storax, an ounce, Cyprus an ounce, *Calamus Aromaticus*, an ounce all beaten to Powder, steep them in the Water for ten Days in a Pot close stopped, stirring it every Day, and then Still it.

To Perfume a Chamber to withstand Witchcraft.

Take true Dill, red Fennel, Yarrows, one handful, chop them small, dry them between two hot Tiles, laying hot Embers under and over the Tiles; when

when you go to Bed, put about a quarter of a handful of it into your Warming-pan, and warm your Bed therewith, and air your Chamber with it.

An Excellent Pomatum.

Take a Calve's Chaddern, pick off all the Skin, and lay it asteep in running Water nine Days, shifting twice a Day, then put it into an Earthen Pot full of Water, and there let it infuse two Hours, then strain it out through a fine Cloth, in two or three Spoonfuls of Damask Rose-water, shifting the Rose-water every quarter of an Hour, as you heat it up; and add to it Oil of white Poppies, and Oil of Cucumbers, and so put it into Gally-pots: this Pomatum cleanses the Skin, and adds extreamly to the Complexion.

A Perfuming Unguent.

Take Hog's Lard, three Pound, Sheeps Suet, nine ounces, bruised Cloves, one dram, Rose-water, two ounces, Pome-waters pared and sliced one Pound boil all to the Consumption of the Rose-water, then strain without pressing; to every Pound of which add Oil of *Rhodium*, and Cinnamon, of each thirty Drops.

A Compound Pomatum.

Take of Pomatum aforesaid, without the Oil, four Pound, Spikenard, Cloves, Ana two ounces, Cinnamon, Storax, Benjamin, one ounce, the Spices and Gums bruised and tied up in a thin Rag, Rose-water eight ounces; boil to the Consumption of the Rose water; then add white Wax, eight onnces, which mix well in melting, strain it again being hot, and when it is almost cold, mix therewith Oil of Musk then put it up.

An Extraordinary Perfume.

Take three Drams of *Florence* Orrice, three Drams of Benjamin, one Dram and a half of good Storax

Storax, a dram of *Lignum Rhodium*, yellow Sanders half a dram, as much Flowers of Benjamine, and three Cloves; mix this Powder in six ounces of good Rose-water, and three ounces of Orange flower-water, and having kept them in the cold in a Matrice, for twenty four Hours or more, pour out some part of the Mixture into a perfuming Pan moderately hot, stopping the Matrice very close again You may if you please, add some few Grains of Musk and Ambergrease.

To make Pomanders or Bracelets.

Take eight ounces of Willow-coal, two ounces of Labdanum two ounces of Mastich in Tears, and two ounces of Yellow Amber; and having mixed these Powders, incorporate them with Mucelage of Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Rose-water. Then make up the Pomanders of what Figure you please, and dry them in the Shade, They that will be at the Cost, may add Odoriferous *Tachamabacca*, Musk and Ambergrease.

Odoriferous Trochisks.

Recipe Labdanum, the purest, three ounces, Storax an ounce and half, Benjamin one ounce, Lignum Aloes two drams, Oriential Musk half a Scruple, pound the Aloes in a Brass Mortar, and sift it through a Silk Sieve; Powder the Ambergrease apart with mixing it with never so little Oyl of Nutmegs, and the Musk, by mixing it with a little Sugar Melt the Rosin of Storax in a Brass Mortar, beat and sift the Labdanum and Benjamin, and reduce them into a Paste with Gum Tragacanth: Or else,

Lignum Aloes five Drams, Ambergrease three Drams, Oriental Musk one Dram.

Other

Other Odoriferous Perfumes, called the Cyprian *Birds.*

Take Powder of Willow Coals three Ounces, Labdanum two Ounces, Storax, Benjamin, Ana, half an Ounce, Maſtich, ſweet *Tacamahacca*, and yellow Amber, two Drams of each, *Lignum Rhodium* a Dram and a half; make them up with Muſcelage or Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Roſe-water, and dry them in the Shade.

Other Richer.

Take Coals of Roſemary pulveriz'd four Ounces, Storax and Benjamin, of each an Ounce, Roots of Cypruſs, Aromatick Reed, Maſtich and Amber, of each one Dram, Cloves one Dram, Muſk, Ambergreaſe and Civet, ten Grains: Reduce them into a Paſte with Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Orange-Flower-Water, and dry them in the Shade.

Others more Rich.

Take Roſin of Storax, choice Benjamin, and Sallow-Tree Aſhes, of each an Ounce, Ambergreaſe one Dram, Muſk half a dram Zibit ſix Grains, diſtilled Oils *of Lignum Rhodium*, Cinnamon and Cloves, of each ſix Drops: make up the Trochiſks with Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Roſe-water.

A ſweet Powder of Violets.

Take the Roots of Florence Orice, one Pound, yellow Sanders five Ounces; red Roſes four Ounces, Storax, Benjamin, of each two Ounces, Cypreſs and Tops of Marjoram of each one Ounce; *Lignum Rhodium*, half an Ounce; Cloves, Aromatick Reed, and Flowers of Lavender, of each two Drams; make all into a coarſe Powder for ſweet Bags.

The

True and genuine Receipt of that famous Spirit called the Queen of Hungary's *Water; so call'd by reason of the Wonderful Effects which a Queen of* Hungary *received by it, at the Age of 72 Years.*

Take four Pounds of Rosemary-flowers, gathered in a fair Morning two or three Hours after Sunrising, and pick'd from all the green Part; put them into a Cucurbite, and pour upon them three quarts of Spirit of Wine well rectified; press down the Flowers into the said Spirit, and then cover the Cucurbite with its Head and Alembick, lute well all the Juncture with Paste and Paper, then place it in a Sand Bath, and lute a Receiver to it; then leave it so until the next Morning; then distil it with so moderate a Fire, that whilst the Spirit distilleth, the Head may not be so much as warm; or to hasten the Distillation, you may cover the Head with a Linnen Cloth doubled several times, and dipped in cold Water, and dip again and cool the Head several times; continue the Distillation until you have drawn about three Quarts of Spirit, which will be very pure, and charged with the best and volatile Substance of the Flowers; then take out all the Fire and let the Bath cool; unlute the Vessel, and put the Spirit into a Bottle well stopped, then strain and press out the Liquor that remains in the Cucurbite, and clarifie it; then put it into the Cucurbite again, and distil it until it remain in the Bottom of the Consistence near as thick as Honey, or thick Syrup, which put into a Pipkin well glazed, and boil it over a gentle Fire to the thickness of an ordinary Extract: put the last Spirit into a Bottle by it self.

Of

Of Metals, and Precious Stones.

In the first place you must know how to melt Chrystal; which is thus done.

BEat Chrystal to bits, and put the bits into an Iron Spoon; cover it and lute it well, and heat it in the Fire till it be red hot, then quench it in Oil of Tartar: This do so often till they will easily beat to Powder in a Mortar, which will then easily melt.

To make Glass Green.

Green Glass is made of Fern Ashes; Chrystal or Venice Glass is dy'd Green with Ore of Copper, or with the Calx of Copper, five or six Grains to an Ounce.

To Counterfeit a Diamond.

Take a Sapphire of a faint Colour and put it into the middle of a Crucible in Quick Lime, and put it into a gentle Fire, and heat it by degrees till it is red hot, keep it so for six or seven Hours; then let it stand in the Crucible till it be cold by which means it will lose all its Colour, and be perfectly like a Diamond, so that no File will be able to touch it.

If the Colour be not all vanish'd at the first heating, you must heat it again till it be perfect.

To make a Counterfeit Diamond of Chrystal.

First prepare your Crystal by putting it into a Crucible in a Reverberatory Heat, then take it out and cast it into cold Water; so it will crack and reduce to Powder; of which Powder take an equal Quantity with Salt of Tartar, or Salt Alkali, (to which Mixture you may add what Colour you please which must be either Metalline or Mineral) put them into a very strong Crucible, filling it about half full, and covering it close, and melt all in a strong Fire till it comes to be like Glass.

How to Counterfeit a Diamond by Chrystal.

Put Chrystal in a Crucible, and set it in a Glass Furnace all Night, and then beat it into fine Powder: mix it with equal Parts of Sal Tartar, then digest all Night in a vehement Heat, but yet not to melt, then take them out, and put them into another Vessel, that will stoutly endure the Fire; let them stand melted two Days, and then take out the Mass.

To make a Calceden.

Mingle a little calcin'd Silver with the Powder of Chrystal, and let it stand in Infusion twenty four Hours.

To Counterfeit a Ruby.

Take Chrystal three Ounces, Scales of Brass half an Ounce, Leaf Gold six Grains, mix all and melt them in a Reverberatory.

To Counterfeit a Carbuncle.

Mix Chrystal with a little red Lead, putting it into a Furnace for twenty four Hours; then take it out, powder and search it, to which add a little calcin'd Brass; melt all again, and add a small Quantity of Leaf Gold, stirring it well three or four Hours, and in a Day and a Night it will be done.

To make an Amethist.

Take Chrystal one Pound, Manganese one Dram, mix and melt them.

To make a Jacynth.

Put Lead into a strong Crucible, and set it into a Furnace, let it stand there about six Weeks, till it be like Glass.

To make an Artificial Chrysolite.

Mix a sixth Part of the Scale of Iron, letting it stand in a vehement Fire for three Days.

To make an Artificial Topaz.

Add two drams of *Crocus Martis*, red Lead three ounces, first putting in the Lead, then the *Crocus*.

To make an Artificial Sapphire.

Put two drams of Zaphire to a pound of melted Chrystal, then stir it continually from Top to Bottom with an Iron Hook, 'till it be well mixed, keep it in the Furnace three Days, and the Work is done, tho' when it is coloured, if it be not presently removed from the Fire, it will lose its Colour again.

To make Coral.

Take the Scrapings of Goats Horns, beat them together, and infuse them in a Strong Lixivium made of Salt Beech for five Days; then take it out and mingle it with Cinnabar, dissolved in Water, set it to a gentle Fire, that it may grow thick, then make it into what Form you please, then dry and polish it.

Or else, Take Minium one ounce, Vermillion ground fine half an ounce, of Quicklime and Powder of calcin'd Flints, of each six ounces, a Lixivium of Quicklime and Wine, and enough to make it thick, add to it a little Salt, then make it into what Form you please, and boil it in Linseed Oyl.

To make an Artificial Emerald.

Take Brass three Days calcin'd in Powder, which put again into the Furnace with Oyl, and a weaker Fire; let it stay three or four Days, adding a double Quantity of fine Sand or Powder of Chrystal; when it is somewhat harden'd, keep it at a more gentle Fire; for Twelve Hours, and it will be a glorious Green.

Or else Take fine Chrystal two ounces, Flower of Brass infused in Vinegar, and strain'd an ounce;

Sa-

Sal Tartary one ounce and an half; mix and put them into a Crucible and put it all into a Glass-maker's Furnace for twenty four Hours, and it will be glorious indeed.

To make Artificial Amber.

Boil Turpentine in an Earthen Pot, with a little Cotten (some put a little Oil) stirring it till it is as thick as Paste, then put it into what Vessel you please, and set it in the Sun, and it will be clear and hard.

Or else, Take sixteen Yolks of Eggs, and beat them with a Spoon, Gum Arabick two ounces, Cherry-tree Gum an Ounce; make the Gums into Powder, and mix them well with the Yolks of Eggs; let the Gum melt well, and then put them into a Pot well leaded: then set them six Days in the Sun, and they will be hard and shine like Glass, and when you rub them, they will take ud a Wheat-Straw, as other Amber does:

To make Artificial Pearls

Mix Calx of Luna and Eggs-shells with leaf Silver ground with the best Vernilh, of which make Paste, and having bor'd them with a Hog's Bristle, dry them in the Sun, or in an Oven

To make white Enamel.

Take Calx of Lead two ounces, Calx of Tin four ounces, mae it into a Body with twelve ounces of Chrystal, roll it into round Balls, and set it on a gentle Fire for a Night, stirring it about with an Iron Rod, till it is melted.

To make Azure.

Take Sal Armoniack three ounces, make them into Powder, and put them into a Glass with Water of Tartar, so that it may be somewhat thick, stop the Glass, and digest in Sand, in Horse-dung, for eight or ten Days, and it will be a good Azure.

To

To lay Gold on Glass.

Take Chalk and red Lead, of each alike, grind them together, and temper them with Linseed Oil; lay it on, and when it is almost dry, lay leaf Gold upon it, let it dry, then polish it.

To Gild Iron with Water.

Take Spring-water three Pints, Roch-Allum, three ounces *Roman* Vitriol, Orpiment, one ounce, of Verdigrese, twenty four Grains, Sal-Gem, three ounces; boil all together; and when it begins to boil, put in Tartar and Bay-Salt, of each half an ounce; continue the boiling a good while, then take it from the Fire, strike the Iron over therewith, dry it against the Fire, and burnish it.

To lay Gold on Iron, or other Metals.

Take liquid Vernish one Pound, Oil of Linseed and Turpentine, of each one ounce mix them well together, strike this over any Metal, and then lay on the Gold or Silver, and when it is done polish it.

To Gild Silver or Brass with Gold Water.

Take Quick-silver two Ounces, put it on the Fire in a Crucible, and when it begins to smoke, put in to it an Angel of fine Gold, then take it off immediately, for the Gold will presently be dissolv'd; then if it be too thin, strain a part of the Quick-silver from it thro' a Piece of Fustian; this done, rub the Gold and Quick-silver upon the Brass or Silver, and it will cleave to it, then put the Gild Brass or Silver, upon quick Coals till it begin to smoke, then take it from the Fire, and scratch it with a Hair-Brush, and that do till the Mercury be rubb'd as clean off as may be, and the Gold appear of a faint Yellow, which Colour is to be heightned with Sal Armoniack Bole, and Verdigrese ground together, and tempered with Water.

To

To Gild Books.

Take Bole Armoniack, four Penny-weight, Sugar-candy one Penny-weight, mix and grind them with Glair of Eggs, then on a bound Book in the Preſs, ſmear the ſaid Compoſition; let it be dry, then rub it well and poliſh it, then with fair Water wet the Edges of the Book, and ſuddenly lay on the Gold, preſſing it down with Cotton gently; this done, let it dry, and then poliſh it exactly with a Tooth.

To Gild Silk and Linen.

Take Glue made of Parchment, lay it on the Linen or Silk gently, that it may not ſink, then take Ceruſe, Bole and Verdigreaſe of each alike, mix and grind them upon a Stone, then in a glazed Veſſel mix it with Varniſh, which you muſt let ſimmer over a ſmall Fire, then keep it for Uſe.

Another of a pure Gold Colour.

Take Juice of freſh Saffron, or Saffron ground, the beſt clear Orpiment, of each alike grind them with Goat's gall, or Gall of a Pike, digeſt twenty Days in Horſe-dung, and it is done.

To Gild Wood or Stone.

Take Bole Armoniack Oil of Benjamin, of each a ſufficient Quantity, beat and grind them together, with this ſmear the Wood or Stone, and when it is almoſt dry, lay on the Leaf-Gold, let it dry, and then poliſh it.

To write with Leaf-Gold.

Take Leaves of Gold, and grind them with a few Drops of Honey, to which add a little Gum-water, and it will be excellent to write or paint with.

To Gild any Metal.

Take ſtrong *Aqua-fortis*, in which diſſolve [illegible] Silver or Gold, to which put ſo much [illegible]

e Powder, as will make it into Paſte, with which b any Metal, and it will look like Gold or Silver.

To Gild ſo as not to be rubb'd out with any Water.

Take Oker calcin'd, Pumice-ſtone, of each alike, artar alike, beat them with Linſeed-Oil, and 5 or Drops of Varniſh, and ſtrain all through a Linen loth, with which you may Gild.

To write with Silver Letters.

Take Tin one ounce, Quick-ſilver two ounces, ix and melt them, and grind them with Gum ater.

To write with green Ink.

Take Verdigreaſe, Litharge, Quickſilver, of each ſufficient Quantity, grind and mingle them with Urine, it will be a very glorious Green to write with.

To write with blue Ink.

Griud Blue with Honey, and temper it with Gum water made of Glair of Eggs, or Iſing-glaſs.

Several Ways for the private Conveyance of Love-Letters.

Take Allom and diſſolve it in fair Water, and write upon a white Cloth or Napkin, when it is dry it will not be ſeen at all; but when you would have the Letters viſible, dip the Cloth in fair Water, and the Cloth will be of a wet Clour all over but where the Allom was writ with.

To read a Letter at the Fire.

Take the Juice of an Orion, or a Pomegranate and write upon Paper, and the Letters will not be ſeen till the Paper be warmed at the Fire.

Some Letters cannot be read till rubb'd over with Flower.

To this Purpoſe take Vinegar or Urine, and write upon any part of the Arm or Thig, for the Letters will not be ſeen 'till they be rubb'd over with fine Meal, or the Aſhes of burnt Paper.

If you take the Milk of a Fig-Tree, and write upon Paper, it cannot be read 'till it be rubb'd over with Charcoal Duſt.

Several Secrets of *Art* and *Nature.*

How a Man may waſh his Hands in melted Lead without Harm.

TAke an Ounce of Quickſilver, two Ounces of good Bo'e Armoniack, half an Ounce of Camphire, and two Ounces of Aqua-vitæ, and put them into a Brazen Mortar, and beat them with a Peſtle, which being done, anoint your Hands all over with this Ointment, and you may warm your Hands in melted Lead without any Danger.

To make a Sword or Knife ſo temper'd, as to cut Iron or Lead.

Let a Sword or Knife, when it is once faſhion'd, be firſt made red hot, then quench it in the Juice of Radiſhes, mixed with the diſtilled Water of freſh Earth-worms, being ſomewhat bruiſed before Diſtillation. A Sword or Knife quenched in this Water four or five Times, will have ſo ſharp an Edge, that you may cut Iron with it as eaſily as Lead.

To make Stel as ſoft as Paſte.

Take the Gall of an Ox, Man's Urine, Verjuice, and the Juice of Nettles, of each a ſmall quantity, and mix them well together; then quench the Steel red hot in the Liquor, and it will become as ſoft as Paſte.

To make People ſeem headleſs.

Break Arſenick very fine, and boil it with Sulphur, in a covered Pot, and kindle it with new Candle.

To

To make People look as if they were dead.

Take Aqua Compoſita, mingle it with Salt, fire it in the Night-time, putting all other Lights out

For Merriment at Table.

To make a Man's Hands black by wiping with his Napkin.

Take Calcanthum, a Gall or two, and bruiſe them; then ſift them in a fine Sieve, and reduce them to a very fine Powder to ſtrew upon the Napkins; which being done, rub the Powder well into the Cloth. Whoſoever after Waſhing, wipes with that Napkin or Towel, will ſo dawb his Face, as if he had dipped it in Ink.

To hinder a Man from ſwallowing his Meat.

Take of the Root of the Herb called Bella Donna one Dram beaten ſmall, and put it into a Glaſs of Wine, letting it ſtand for the Space of twelve Hours. In the Morning drink to the Party upon whom you intend to put the Trick, and give him your prepared Glaſs about three Hours before Dinner. When he comes to Dinner, his Chaps will be ſo ſore, that he will be able by no means to ſwallow his Meat; when you have had Sport enough, let him gargle his Mouth with a little Vinegar or Milk, and he will be immediately as well as ever.

To make the Meat ſeem bitter.

Rub the Edge of the Knife, or the Napkin with the Pith of Coloquintida, and it will leave behind ſuch a Bitterneſs, that whatever he Knife cuts will ſeem bitter, and the oftner he cuts and wipes his Mouth, the more his Tongue, Palate, and Mouth will be infected, ſo that he muſt be forced to leave his Meat.

To cauſe a Cup to ſtick to the Lips, that it can hardly be pulled away.

Take the Milk of a Fig-tree, and mingle it with Gum Tragacanth, and anoint the Brims of the

Cup; which when it is dry, will not be ſeen; give the Cup where you deſign full of Liquor, and before the Party has done drinking, it will ſtick ſo faſt to his Lips, that it will be almoſt impoſſible to pluck it away.

That a Woman ſhall not eat the Meat upon a Table.

Take a little green Baſil, and convey it privately under the Diſh; for ſo long as the Herb lies ſo under the Diſh, the Woman can eat none of the Meat.

The ART of *Complementing* and *Wooing*.

A Mixture of Complimental Expreſſions.

SIR, You honour me in this Acknowledgment.

Sir, I ſhall tell the Lady how Zealous you are in her Commendations.

Madam, 'Tis in your Power to oblige my Soul; your Beauty has Power to melt a *Scythian's* Boſom.

Madam, be pleaſed to let me Seal my true Devotion with a Kiſs.

Be pleaſed to tell me, Sir, how I may ſhew my ſelf thankful to you for your Love

Sir, You have bound me to be your grateful Debtor.

Pardon me, Sir, if I have not done you Honour worthy your Deſerts.

Sir, Your former Honours ſo largely beſtowed upon my mean Deſerts, have been prevailing Orators with me in your Behalf.

Madam, I know not what Neglect of mine has caſt this Scorn upon me.

Sir, You have charmed me, and I obey in all Things.

Sir You have conquered Friendſhip beyond Example.

Sir,

Sir, You have conquered me in a noble Courteſie.

Sir, I hope I have yours and your Lady's Leave to exchange a Word with your fair Daughter.

I am happy to ſee myſelf in ſuch a Golden Ring of worthy Friends.

Madam, you much honour me in theſe Entertainments, which though they oblige my juſt Acknowledgments, yet hold no Proportion more to enflame my Heart, or expreſs my Welcome than this your free Grace, and thoſe Hopes from your Favour that bleſs my Imagination.

Sir, You have deſerved more Service and Regard from me than Life can thank you for.

Lady, All my Wealth is ſumm'd up, when you are pleaſed to ſmile upon me.

Pray, Sir, receive this Stranger to your Knowledge; for, on my Credit, he deſerves it at all Parts.

Lady, In you alone the Faculties of my Soul are wholly taken up.

Madam, All your Deſires are abſolute Commands.

Lady, The Magazine of all rich Treaſure is contained in your Perfections.

Sir, I am your humble Obſerver, and wiſh you all Accumulation of Proſperity.

Lady, you are the Paragon of Beauty, matched with Vertue.

Sir, your full Worth ſpeaks as loud an Accent of Deſert, as he that merits moſt

Noble Sir, You are the only Perſon I have an Ambition to honour

Lady, You are the Pride of Nature and of Love; Beauty and Vertue, in a high Conception, ſtrive which ſhould exceed each other in you.

Lady, I have not ſeen that Beauty worthy to be beloved, 'till your inchanting Locks made me Slave to *Cupid*'s Cruelty.

Nature hath framed you, Lady, for her Maſter-Piece; as the moſt pure Abſtract of all that is rare in Women.

Lady, I kiſs your Hand, and muſt aſſure the World, That the richeſt Vertues are your Boſom-Tenants.

Sir, Your Favours challenge more true Service, more true Love and Faith than I have Words to utter.

A Lover describing his Miſtreſs.

She is Wit, Beauty, Chaſtity, and all that can make Women lovely to Man's Soul; ſo far from the Capacity of any ill, that the Vertues of all others, like Soil, do but till her Perfections.

She is young in Years, and of ſuch abſolute Beauty and Dexterity of Wit, and gentle Qualities, that ſhe is reputed not without Admiration.

Her Features and Graces commended

Lover, You are pleaſed to ſmile upon me, gentle Lady, and I have taken into my Heart more than imaginary Bleſſings.

Lady, I am not worthy your Flattery.

Lover, Lady, Thoſe Divine Beams proceeding from your Eyes, are able to thaw the frozen Earth without another Sun.

Your Voice is ſuch a one, that ſhould the Holy Churchmen uſe it, it would without the Addition of more Exorciſms diſinchant Houſes, and tie up the Night Ghoſts that haunt the ſolitary Groves.

You are the Heavenly Piece, which when Nature had wrought, ſhe loſt her Needle, like one that never hoped to work again any other ſo fair and lovely.

Lady,

lely, Could I expire, these White and Innocent Hands, at the same Time closing my Eyes, it were not to die, but to be transported to *Elysium* in a Dream

In your fair Looks, sits Divinity able to charm Kings to admire and adore.

Continual Smiles create long Summer on your Cheeks

At your bright Eyes *Cupid* warms his Wings.

In your Breath are Musick and rish Perfumes; resembling those Aromatick Wings that sing the *Phœnix*'s Obsequies

Madam, You teach all Hearts Novelty, with the Musick of your Voice.

Your Eyes are Nature's richest Diamonds, set in Foils of polish'd Ivory.

Cupid has taken his Stand in your Eyes, and shoot at all before him.

The Lillies being censured from comparing with your more clear and native Purity, want White to do their Penance in

I must study a new Arithmetick, to sum up the Vertues that make you Excellent,

She is a noble Casket, wherein lies Beauty and Chastity in her full Perfection.

Not Rose, nor Lilly, nor the glorious *Hyacynth* are of Sweetness, Tenderness and Whiteness, as your self, fair Lady.

Those fair Eyes bring back the Spring.

Her Breath is like the Smoak of Spices.

Turn back your Comet Eyes, or I shall perish in the Flames.

She whispers like the Lute.

Her Eyes are Diamonds set in purest Gold.

Not the unblown Rose, nor Mines of Chrystal, nor the Diamond are so pure as she.

The very Air is ravish'd with her Touch.

Her Neck is more white than the new fallen Snow.

Thoſe Eyes were *Juno*'s. thoſe Eyes were once the Queen of Love's. That Virgin Bluſh was *Diana*'s Thus, Madam, you have a Donative from every Deity.

Her Hair is like thoſe Treſſes that Adorn *Apollo*'s Head.

Her Locks as ſoft as the new ſpun Silk, curling with ſuch a natural Wantonneſs, as if they ſtrove to delight the Fancy of her that wears them.

Her Forehead is a goodly Proſpect, that ſhews like a Caſtle commanding ſome goodly Country.

Her Face ſo full of Majeſty, that *Aurora* bluſhes to ſee a Countenance brighter than her own. Her Face is full of Sun-ſhine.

Her Smiles ſo graceful and ſo full of Comfort, that with them ſhe is able to revive a dying Lover.

Her Cheeks look like Lawn ſpread upon Roſes, Nature painted the Colour thereof in the moſt glorious Tulip.

Her Chin ſhews like a Piece of pure and poliſh'd Ivory; which the God of Love delights to uphold with his ſoft Hand.

Her Tonge is tipt with ſuch a free and powerful Art, as might tame the moſt rebellious Spirit.

Her Words invade the weakned Senſes, and overcome the Heart.

Her Neck is of ſuch a Whiteneſs as exceeds the unſullied Snow.

Her Hands ſoft and ſmooth, the Violet Veirs of which run long, and ſpread themſelves like Mines of *Turcoiſes*

Her Breaſts are two Mountains of Snow, from the two Fountains of which *Cupid* himſelf ſucks Nectar.

Complement,

Complements at Table.

Sir, You are welcome to this homely Fare; I am ſorry 'tis no better for you; I could wiſh it handſomer, but only, Sir, our Houſe affords it not.

Anſ. Courteous Lady, I am ſo much indebted to the matchleſs Bounty of your Houſe, that my Thanks are the only poor Things that ſhame me.

Pleaſe you, Sir, to taſte a poor ſlight Banquet?

Anſ. My Fortune makes me more than amends in your ſweet Kindneſs, Lady.

Friends, you are welcome to my poor Table, pleaſe you to ſit and eat.

Anſw. Your Delicates are ſo ſuper-abundant, that *Cleopatra* herſelf might revel here, and be contenced.

Sir, a good Health to the fair Precedent of all Vertue and Beauty, that now ſeems to reſide in your melancholy Thoughts.

May this Table make a laſting League of Amity between us.

Worthy Sir, I do much admire ſo happy a Confederacy.

Many Thanks, Sir, for your worthy Entertainment. Your Entertainment has obliged me.

After Dinner.

Sir, You will excuſe your bad Entertainment, otherwiſe we muſt oblige our ſelves to make you a better.

Sir, Your Entertainment hath been very good, there has been no Fault, there is no need of Excuſes.

At leaſt you may aſſure your ſelf to have been look'd upon wich Reſpect, and to have been cordially received. I wiſh I could teſtifie my Affection to you in a Thing that were more worthy of you.

Sir, I have had ſo many Teſtimonies of your Favour, that I am aſhamed I have not been able to iv you better Acknowledgment, which I ſhall

be ready to do, when you are pleaſed to honour me with your Commands. At preſent I humbly thank you for this Noble Entertainment, and kiſs your Hands.

Sir I recommend my ſelf to your good Thoughts.

Madam, The Favour I have received from your Husband, obliges me to you both. I cannot at preſent give you ſufficient Thanks; but I beſeech you to believe that my Apprehenſion of them is ſuch, that I ſhall give myſelf no Repoſe, till I have found an Occaſion to revenge my ſelf.

To preſent a Gift.

Lady, Occaſion ripens my whole Diſcharge for your great Favour; be pleaſed to wear this Diamond, which betrays its want of Luſtre, and comes with an Ambition to recover the Flames from your Eyes. Lady, The Gift is not worth the mention of ſo much Gratitude. Your Breaſt makes the Oblation rich, and I am encouraged by your Vertue to preſent you with ſomething of more Value; I give you my Heart, Lady.

Sir, I beſeech you accept of this ſmall Trifle, only as a Remembrance of my ſucceeding Thankfulneſs.

Lady, I have firſt in Charge this Kiſs and then this Paper; the Language will ſoon tell you from whom it comes.

Lady, I have here a Token ſent you from a Friend of yours, as the Remembrance of his Love; He intreats you to accept this Token of his fair Wiſhes towards you.

Congratulation.

Vertue bleſs you, Lady,

Happy be your Arrival, Noble Friend.

I am glad to ſee you well, to ſee you luſty, and good Health about you.

I am much affected with your ſafe Return, you bring a general Joy.

Recom-

Recommendations.

My humble Duty to him.

If in my Name you will be pleaſed to tender my Thanks for his Noble Love, I ſhall reſt highly in debted to you.

Spare a little of your choiceſt Language, dear Friend, to let her know how I love her, and how I languiſh for her.

Well wiſhing.

The Bleſſing of your Miſtreſs fall upon you.

May all Things lay level to your Wiſhes.

May you inherit your Deſires.

Whatever Joy the Earth yields ſucceed to you.

All Content both Day and Night crown your Deſires.

Excuſes.

Let me beg your Pardon gentle Lady.

Let my Boldneſs prove pardonable.

Let my Submiſſion ſalve my Preſumption.

It was my Ignorance, and not preſumptuous Boldneſs

Short Returns of Thanks

It is an Honour, and ſo I receive it,

I ſtand indebted for a Benefit to you.

Such Indearments will impoveriſh my Gratitude.

You oblige my Gratitude.

To recommend a Friend to a Friend

Sir, I preſent this Gentleman to kiſs your Hand, he has a great Ambition to be known to you.

Sir, I muſt preſent this Gentleman to be more known to you,

Sir, here is a deſerving Perſon, on whom I entreat you to throw your Welcome.

The Time of the Day given.

The beſt Day to Nature's Curioſity.

Lady, I wiſh you a Morning as fair as your own Beauty.

A fair Morning deſcend upon en, Sir.

Good Morrow, Lady; *Venus* and the *Graces* ſure this Day have laid their Hands upon you. You look fairer than your ſelf, and move in the Sphere of Love and Beauty.

Good Night, good Night, Deareſt; this parting is ſo ſweet a Grief, that I could ſay good Night till it be good Morrow.

A happy Day to you all, Genteels.

To drink a Health

Sir, a Health to your Miſtreſs, a hearty Health and a deep one

Sir, My Duty gladly anſwers

On the Bridal Night

Good Night, Fair Lady, moſt beauteous Maid and as that Name ſhall vaniſh, beauteous Wife; may your Happineſs continue long with the ſame Harmony as it begins

To the Man.

Good Night, Sir, and be luſty, and take your Lady to you, and whatever ſhall thou att your Happineſs, be accurſt.

To requeſt a Kindneſs.

Sir, the good Affection which you have always teſtified towards me hath made me take the Boldneſs to requeſt a Courteſie of you, that you would be pleaſed to give me your Advice, and lend me your Aſſiſtance in an Affair of Moment; it would add to your former Obligations, and I ſhall be always obliged particularly to acknowledge.

Sir, the Affection which I bear you is ſincere, and as for that little Proof that you have ſeen thereof, it is but a ſmall Pattern of that which I deſire to perform on your Behalf. Aſſure your ſelf therefore, that in this which you demand, and upon all other Occaſions, you ſhall find me always diſpoſed to ſerve you:

Sir,

Sir, you double the Obligation you have laid upon me, by your Readineſs and Freeneſs, nor will it ever be in the Power, either of my Words or Actions to make a full Acknowledgment.

Sir, If you think I have either Power or Will to deſerve from you, let me beg a ſmall Requeſt at your Hands.

Fair Lady, make your humble Servant proud to kiſs your white Hands.

Sir, I would pray one Favour from you.

Sir, Will it pleaſe you, ſince you have given me the Power, that I may intreat an Honour from you?

Anſw. You ſhall not deſire what is your own already; whatever it be, you are Miſtreſs of your Deſires.

Lady, I muſt make a Suit, and an earneſt Suit to you.

One Suit, Sir, and I will gladly ceaſe to be a Beggar.

Returns of Thanks.

Sir, That good Affect on which you have made appear towards me, commands me to give you Thanks for the Honour and Favour which you were pleaſed to do me. You have obliged me more than any Perſon in the World.

Sir, I cordially love my Friends, and do not willingly refuſe them any Thing which is in my Power. Take what I do in good part, and believe I would do more for you

Sir, I have not merited this Favour, it behoveth me to ſeek all Opportunities, to make you a full Acknowledgment.

Sir, Your Thanks have ſurpaſſed the Service I have done you I would not put you to purchaſe ſo dearly the Favour of your Friends. I can aſſure you, Sir, there is nothing in my Power which is not at your Command.

Sir,

Sir, I cannot doubt of your Affection; and be confident I ſhall ever acknowledge it.

Sir, My Want of Power to ſatisfie ſo great a Debt, makes me accuſe my Fortune. But if out of the Bounty of your Mind, you think a free Surrender of my ſelf, a full Payment, I gladly render it.

Sir, My ſoul is full of Thanks, do but name any Employment, to aſſure you, and you ſhall make me twice happy.

Sir, I hope you have ſow'd your Affection in a fruitful Ground, to return what I owe with a plentiful Harveſt.

Sir, I ſtand engag'd to you for ſo many Favours, that I hold it a Breach of Thankfulneſs to omit any Duty which may apyrove me not ungrateful.

Sir. Had I more than one Life, you would oblige me to loſe them in your Service.

Sir, your conſtant Vertues have deſerved more Recompence than Fate will miniſter by me. Yet be pleaſed to know, Sir, That my Inabilities have made my Gratitude only ſick, not dead.

Sir, your Courteſie challenges much from my Requital.

Sir, you deſerve by many Bounties ever to command me.

Sir, I muſt thank your Love; your Heart doth ſpeak a noble Friendſhip.

Sir, I kiſs your, Hands, and return you humble Thanks for all your noble Favours.

Madam, My Duty ſhall ever ſpeak my Thankfulneſs.

Sir, You pay me with a Bleſſing, if my Name do but live within your Memory.

Terms of Salutation

Lady, I have never been ſo happy as to behold ſo ſweet an Object, Wherefore without Injury I preſume

preſume you are the Lady of this Houſe, and ſo ſalute you.

As many Happineſſes wait upon you, Lady, as there are Beams ſhot from the Sun this pleaſant Morning; let me embrace you more in Heart than Hand, and let all Affections keep at Court.

Worthy Friend, moſt opportunely met.

The Acknowledgment I owe your Favours, Madam, brings me.

Lady, though I am unworthy, I could be proud to be your Servant.

Lady, The ſweet Minutes that divorce me from your Embraces, ſeem Years to me.

To his Miſtreſs going out of Town.

Lady, I am bound to find you, hearing lately of a ſudden Journey which you intend.

Anſw. Not ſo ſudden as to want the manners to leave you unregarded.

Lover. I hope, Lady, you did not believe I had ſuch unhandſome Thoughts of you — But how long will it be e'er you return?

Anſw. Much the ſooner, if you might be a Gainer by my Service. Yet it will be no ſmall Happineſs if I may hear often from you, and a greater Favour if I may receive an Account of the Welfare of thoſe few Friends that I muſt leave behind.

Lover. I ſhall moſt diligently obey, for there is no Man prouder of your Commands.

The Departure.

Adieu, dear Beauty, it behoves me to be baniſh'd from you that I may eſpouſe my Soul to eſteem you the more; one way by the Loſs of your Preſence: another way by recollecting the Thoughts of paſt Happineſs.

Truly, Sir, you have great Reaſon to make uſe of your Fancy when you would praiſe me. For Thoughts and Fancy will frame imaginary Merits, where

where your Eyes and Judgment, will find the contrary.

Madam, you do very well to make uſe of new Cuſtoms, I believe you will perſuade yourſelf to ſpeak falſe, that you might have an an Advantage over me that breath nothing but the Truth. It is impoſſible ſuch a Vanity ſhould make you offend that which I honour. You will gain nothing by it but the Pleaſure of fine Words.

Sir, Call them rather True, and then you will ſpeak Truth yourſelf.

You continue, Madam, acquiring new Glories to your Perſuaſions, by maintaining Paradoxes againſt your Beauty, which will be alway perfect in itſelf, tho' not in your Opinion.

Sir, If I am perfect, I know myſelf and if I know myſelf, I may be permitted to ſtile myſelf very poor in Merit. But you would perſuade the contrary to exerciſe your Parts; knowing it a greater Honour to vanquiſh Truth, than to ſuſtain it.

Madam, the Deſign which I have to ſerve you, may give you Teſtimony ſufficient of that Power which you have to diſpoſe of me. Yet I ſee no reaſon that the Belief which I have taken of your Beauty with the cleareſt Judgment, ſhould be ſwallowed up by your unbelieving Opinions.

They ſay that Contrariety animates Perſons the more, and therefore I ſhall be ſilent, that I may hinder theſe unjuſt Praiſes. Perhaps you will have pity on my feeble Reſiſtance, and will be weary of conquering ſo eaſily.

Madam, 'Tis myſelf that ought rather to keep Silence, being myſelf ſo lately in an Aſtoniſhment But as for you, it would be a Sin againſt your fair Lips, whoſe Words are Oracles.

Then, pray Sir, Why do you not believe all I ſay, ſince all Oracles are Truths?

Why,

Why, Madam, will you ſtill go about to hinder by Perſuaſion, the Belief which I have taken with Sight and Judgment; for I will believe your Beauty againſt all your Unbelief and Undervaluings, and alſo continue the Service which I have ſworn you againſt any Thing that ſhall hinder it. Future Ages ſhall admire your Merit and my Servitude.

I fear me, Time will alter this Opinion.

Madam, Time can do nothing againſt what Love has ordained. But wherefore this Superfluity of Speech? It is more neceſſary for me at this time to demand of you Remedies for this Retirement the Apprehenſion of which makes me endure no ſmall Trouble.

Sir, It behoves you only to forget your Deſign of ſerving me, and you will ſoon avoid the Pains that you fear,

No, Madam I will keep the Memory of my Deſign eternally, and doubt not but always to ſee repreſented before me the Glory of my Enterprize. Adieu! great Beauty, you ſhall never caſt your Eye downwards, but you ſhall perceive lying at your Feet him that admires you; nor ever elevate your Thoughts to your Deſerts, but you ſhall remember your Conqueſt. Adieu. Faireſt! for now I leave the Sun, and go to ſeek out Night and Sorrow's Cell.

The RETURN.

I am come, Madam, to receive as much Content from your Chearful Countenance, as the Loſs of it has yielded me Sorrow. I know the Good will now be as great as the Evil, ſince they proceed both from the ſame Cauſe.

Sir, I believe you receive the one as well as you have ſuffered the other; but I beſeech you, Sir, to tell me whence that Pain proceeds, which you ſay you

you endure. For as for my self, I believe the Pleasure of thinking is greater than that of Seeing

Madam, It is permitted me to think but Experiment forbids me to believe that Opinion. For I receive from my Thoughts only a good Imagination: On the contrary, the Sight cannot err.

But it is said, That Presence contents the Eyes, which are mortal; but that Absence exercises the Soul; and therefore if my Absence affected you, you might have easily avoided your Pain

It was some good Genius that took me yesterday from your Eyes, that I might the better value the Happiness of their Lustre, and avoid the Extremity of that Pain, which the Loss of them made me endure, causing in me such and Impatience to whom, that every Hour I stay'd from you seem'd an Age.

Sir, That which is foreseen is easily avoided.

Now you perceive whence the Evil you speak of proceeds, yet the little Occasion you have to fear it, makes you find it out willingly Therefore blame your own Desires, that have procured you this Evil, and complain not of Destiny which is always just

Madam, My Will is not the Cause; for then I should fly my self, and come back to you; but Love, to abuse me the more, gave me the Desire, but hindred the Effects; but it behoves a true Passion to overcome the Violence of all Opposition by a diligent Constancy.

The Lovers TRIAL.

Madam, If the Opportunities of serving you were as ordinary as those of speaking to you, I had rendred you as many Services as I have spoken Words I dare not confirm always them with the same Testimonies: And since I am so little capable of Persuasion, I fear I shall discover my Ignorance, and not my Servitude.

Sir,

Sir, I am of Opinion that the Custom of Perſuaſion is only uſed there where Truth is wanting, and therefore ſeeing you have always proteſted Truth, you ought now to make uſe of it, elſe you will make your Oaths and my Credit as indifferent as your Words and Aſſurance would be.

The Cunning of a Diſcourſe ſhall never do me ſuch an ill Office, as to make me believe an Untruth. For I am ignorant of the Custom and Invention of it, which deters me from any ſuch Enterprize. To the end, that being warranted from the Diſturbance which I find between the Reſolution and the Even, I may give you for an Aſſurance, that the whole World ſeeing ſo noble a Deſign as mine, will judge that I owe an eternal Perſeverance in it.

Be adviſed, Sir, to conform your Mind to your Words, for Time will give us always Opportunities to diſtinguiſh between them that are feigned, and thoſe that are true; for if I do not find them true, you will repent to have ſo vainly loſt them; while I reſerve to my ſelf this Power to reject or accept what you tender me.

Why ſhould your Belief take any ill Impreſſion on your Servant? I call Love and your Beauty to witneſs that I ſhall always preſerve my ſelf the ſame.

Well, Sir, I ſhall content my ſelf at preſent with your Gift, though I ſhall expect better Aſſurances.

Madam, be confident that you ſhall draw as much Fidelity from your Conqueſt as I expect Glory and Happineſs from my Subjection.

But ſhall your Promiſes be as faithfully perform'd as your Oaths?

Much more Madam, for I can give you but weak Words, which my Ignorance furniſhes me withal whereby you work Effects worthy a glorious Death.

Could

Cou'd you then die for me, Sir?

Yes, Madam, for that which would be Death to others, would be a Life to me, provided it came from your Hands.

Live then, Sir, and take care your Repentance do not kill you.

'Tis well, Madam; I shall live your Servant, and live long through the Worth of my Preserver.

The Lover demands Assurance.

Fairest, It is now time that I should require some Assurance of your Friendship from you, since I cannot grant you that Authority which you have over my Affection, but the Service which I am willing to render to your Power; swear to me, therefore that you love that which you have subdoed, that I may boast my Subjection to be as well a Mark of my Glory as of your Puissance.

Think you, Sir, that what is enslaved by the Eyes, can be beloved by the Heart?

Dear Lady, Why should you not affect that Love which you your self have created? Would you cause it to be born, and die at the same instant? That would be the Acts of an unconstant Soul.

'Tis you, Sir, that run the Hazard of being call'd by that Name: For if Love proceeds from Merit, you will soon find some one more worth your Affection than my self.

Madam, I shall never be so vain as to look after more signal Worth than that which you possess. No, Madam, take Counsel of your own Worth, and it will shew how impossible it is to change the fair Affection I have made.

But, Sir, they say, That Love is not always of the same Judgment; so 'tis to be fear'd that you may make use of those agreeable Varieties, that Love every Day presents to unfaithful Lovers.

Madam,

Madam, May he baniſh me from his Empire, if I have any other Will, but what is agreeable to his. He ſees I am yours, ſo his Power and my Will are agreed. My Deſigns concur with his Commands.

Sir, I do not believe that Love himſelf could force you to Love.

He feared, Madam, leſt he ſhould be made himſelf a Slave. He has no Force able to reſiſt your Puiſſance, unleſs it be your own.

Since therefore you have vanquiſhed all the World, there nothing now remains, but that you vanquiſh your ſelf.

Sir, I can do any thing but vanquiſh, having neither Will nor Thought, which does not render Obedience to that Duty, which I have taken to be the perfect Guide of my Life.

Madam, you oppoſe your Deſigns to my Prayers, to the end this Refuſal ſhould redouble my Paſſion, and cauſe me to perſiſt more eagerly in the Purſuit of your Tempting Graces. Yet it ſuffices that the Pain and Difficulties of the Acqueſt, will remain the Glory of my Conqueſt.

If Pain and Difficulty can create your Glory, why do you complain?

I repine not at the Pain, but at your Unkindneſs, that will not acknowledge it. But if it be not ſo, I conjure your fair Lips to produce ſome Aſſurance of your Friendſhip.

Well, Sir, then I promiſe your Servitude, to acknowledge it for the Price of your Conſtancy; and believe this, That as my true Paſſion only obliges me, ſo there is no Adjuration ſhall have Power over me.

Madam, I wiſh I could tranſform my whole Will into Words, to render ſufficiently Thanks for this favourable Promiſe: But ſince I am not capable of ſuch a Happineſs, I will only ſay this, That he to whom

whom your Favours are ſo liberally extended, ſhall paſs the reſt of his Days in your Service.

The Lover ſatisfied.

Madam, The Day on which you made an entire Conqueſt of my Soul and Affection, I had a Thouſand Jealouſies of my Misfortunes; for the faireſt Conqueſts are always croſſed. But ſince my good Fortune has deceived my Apprehenſion; therefore by how much your Affection is the more extraordinary, the more carefully ſhall I keep the Obligation which I have to ſerve you.

Sir, Your Service is a Happineſs, which my Deſire rather enjoys than my Hope, and there is Reaſon for it, ſeeing you the Poſſeſſor of ſo many rich Qualities.

Alas! Madam, I muſt henceforth be a Poſſeſſor of nothing, ſince I muſt take all from my ſelf to beſtow it upon her, for whoſe ſake I can willingly ſuffer my ſelf to be robbed of all.

Sir, When I ſhall enjoy that Happineſs, the Gift will be much greater, than all I yet can call my own.

Teach me, Madam, how I may ſwear, and you ſhall ſee what uſe I will make of it, to aſſure you I am wholly yours, and that whatever Love now gives you, cannot be taken away but by Death.

Sir, be confident, I ſhall ſeek all Opportunities to deſerve you, and receive theſe Words forth moſt infallible that ever Lover ſwore.

Madam, I ſhall live always at your Devotion.

And I, Sir, living to you, ſhall live to my ſelf.

Then, Lady, let us tie our Souls together with this Kiſs. And this Enterprize having given me ſo much Joy as to think of it, I will go ſacrifice my Silence to your Judgment.

To

To introduce a Friend into Company.

Ladies and Gentlemen, knowing you were here, I come to have the Honour to ſee you, and moreover on the Confidence of your Favour, I have taken the boldneſs to bring this Gentleman along with me, as being a Perſon that deſerves much Reſpect.

The Company.

Sir, it is a ſingular Contentment to us to ſee you; you and your Friend ſhall be always welcome. Our Devotion is dedicated wholly to your Service. But as for theſe Ladies, we cannot ſo diſpoſe of them, it lies on your part and his to deſerve their Favour.

The Stranger replies.

Gentlemen, I durſt not have ſo far preſumed to intrude into your Company, being a Perſon altogether unknown, had not this Gentleman, my Friend, put me under the ſhelter of his Favour. The Honour which you ſhew me for his ſake, obliges me infinitely: And as for theſe Ladies, their excellent Beauty and Affability ſeem to promiſe me this Happineſs; that at leaſt my Preſence ſhall not diſpleaſe them, and that if they will permit the Favour of their Society, I may have ſome Hopes to gain a farther Intereſt in their Affections.

The Ladies.

Sir, We ſhould ſhew our ſelves as much unprovided of Judgment, as we eſteem our ſelves of Beauty, if we ſhould not regard that worth, of which your Friend andours gives ſo large a Teſtimony, and which your Behaviour and Language diſcovers ſufficiently of it ſelf: You need not doubt but that you're look'd upon with a good Eye by every one of us, and that we all deſire to give you that Honour which is your due.

The Stranger.

Ladies, You oblige with ſo much Civility and Reſpect, that I ſhall bear you eternal Gratitude; this is my Unhappineſs, that I have not an Opportunity to render you that Service which may equal your Deſerts; yet I ſhall not ceaſe to offer it to you, beſeeching you to receive it with as good a Will, as I offer it unfeigredly.

The Ladies.

Sir, You exceed in your Courteſie, we are ſatisfied enough with the Honour of your Preſence, and with a due Contentment which we receive from your acceptable Company.

The Stranger

Perhaps, Ladies, You do not eſteem my Service worthy your Deſerts; yet for all that, I ſhall not omit any Opportunity to teſtifie how much I honour and adore you.

A Gentlemen

Sir, We are going to have a Game; will you pleaſe to make one? Or do you like it better to entertain the Ladies?

Sir, I am very well here, and tho' I have to do with the ſtronger Party, yet I ſhall try my Fortune among them.

Ladies

Sir, You will have a hard Task to be Gainer here.

Stranger.

Ladies, I care not for any Loſs, ſo I gain a part in your good Affection.

A particular Lady.

I fear, Sir, You will have but ſmall Contentment in your Entertainment.

Stranger.

Ladies, had I no other Happineſs but that of ſeeing you, there is enough to raviſh all my Senſes, ſo much do I behold of Grace and Beauty, that I believe

believe *Paris* himself beheld not more Perfection in the three Goddesses

A Repartee,

Sir, Had they an Apple of Gold to bribe you withal, the Ladies might sooner persuade you into such an Opinion of their Beauty

Stranger.

There needs no such Bribe, Madam, to make me confess the Truth: Besides, Ladies, I doubt not but that the Excellency of your Mind is correspondent to the Beauty of your Faces, and there are not more Charms in your Words, than Wonders in your Thoughts which makes me prefer the Happiness of your Company before that of any other

Ladies.

Ladies, your Modesty shall not make me forget my Duty, which is to admire and publish your Perfections, and to honour them with all my Power; but if you shall not think me worthy of such a Task, 'tis my Comfort I have met with such pleasing Enemies

To initiate an Acquaintance

SIR, I count it a singular Happiness to have met with this acceptable Company, since it has been a Means to bring me into your Acquaintance

Sir, If the good Fortune that brought us together into this Place, did put into my Hands also the Means to make my Acquaintance profitable, since your Favour esteems it acceptable, I should think myself happy in a double manner

Sir, Your Words oblige me to make a great Esteem of your Happiness; and indeed, it was my Intention to proffer you my most humble Service, had not you doubly obliged me, by preventing me, with the Offer of your good Affection, for which I give

you my most cordial Thanks, and beseech you to accept reciprocally of mine.

Sir, I accept the Offer which you are pleased to make me, but on Condition that I may merit it by all means possible.

Sir, You would oblige me farther than my Power is able to acknowledge. It shall be sufficient for me to have the Honour of your good will, and the Liberty of coming sometimes to receive your Commands.

Sir, I say nothing how far my Duty does oblige me, I beseech you only to believe that the Affection which I have put in Practise, is sincere, and shall appear upon the first Occasion.

Notwithstanding there is nothing I shall more desire than the Honour of waiting on you at my own House, where, Sir, you shall ever be most welcome.

The Bridal Night Discourse.

Jeronyme, Julia

Jer. WILL you not come to Bed, my Dear? why delay? Come —— let me help you.

Jul. To Bed, Sweetheart! Why art thou sleepy?

Jer. No, but I shall be worse if thou art sad and melancholy: Come —— prithee, my Dear, let's to Bed. Why dost blush? Let me undress thee, be not so coy, but smile.

Jul. Be not so hasty, Dearest, we steal not our Content —— here's time enough

Jer. Do you already cease to love me?

Jul. No, think it not, for I love thee dearly

Jer. To bed then, and I shall give better Credit to thee; be not so cold a Lover.

Jul. Give me leave a little to admire and contemplate thy outward Graces.

Jer.

Jer. Come, come——you dally——off with your Ornaments for the Day, they look unſeemly now——clip that Lace, that is more happy than, thy dear Husband to embrace the——, off with that gorgeous Petticoat, that hides thoſe Pleaſures which ought more to be revealed.

Jul. My Paſſion is now over, and now, dear Joy I haſte to thy Embraces.

Jer. Welcome my Comfort and Delight, and thus I fold my Arms about thee.

Jul. And thus about thee, my deareſt Bliſs, I twine like Female Ivy.

Jer. Let's put our Bodies and our Minds together, and make up the Concord of Affection. Come let me kiſs hee, let me kiſs again, and multiply them to an infinite Encreaſe.

Jul. Spare not, they are thine own, dear Heart.

Jer. Let's tumble in Delight, and draw out the Minutes in dear Embraces. There is no Difference between us and Princes; for our Contentment is full as great as theirs. What a Waiſt, what a Breaſt, what a Belly's here! Then ſweeteſt, let us enter Love's *Elyſium*, and bid good Night unto thy Maidenhead.

The Deſpairing Lover.

Tancred *and* Rogero.

Tan. How now, what's the matter, *Rogero*?

Rog. I am ill, exceeding ill.

Tan. Troth——that's not well.

Rog. Sure I ſurfeited laſt Night at the Old Man's Houſe.

Tan. Surfeit! Why did you eat any thing againſt your Stomach?

Reg. Truly I had a Stomach to one Diſh, and the not taſting it, makes me ſick at Heart.

Tan. Was it Fiſh or Fleſh?

Reg. 'Twas Fleſh ſure —— if I hit the Mark right.

Tan. I believe 'tis the miſſing a Mark which you long to hit, which makes you draw Sighs inſtead of Vows.

Reg. Would I had been a thouſand Leagues off when I ſat down at Table. Alas my dear *Tancred*, 'twas there I drank my Bane; the ſtrongeſt Poiſon that ever Man drew from a Lady's Eyes, and now it ſwells in me.

Tan. Then by caſting your Water, I perceive you would have a Medicine for the Green Sickneſs.

Reg. 'Tis a Green Wound I muſt confeſs.

Tan. Tent it, tent it —— Keep it from rankling; you are over Head and Ears in Love.

Reg. I am—and with ſuch mortal Arrows pierced, that I ſhall fall down.

Tan There's no Hurt in that

Reg Nay, I ſhall die, unleſs her Pity ſends me a quick and ſweet Recovery

Tan And what Doctreſs is it muſt call you Patient?

Reg The fair *Bucynthia*, old *Arnoldo*'s Wife

Tan How, *Bucynthia*! Can no Feather fit you but the Breach in an old Man's Hat? Had you not dainty Diſhes enow, but you muſt long for that which the Maſter of the Houſe ſets up for his own Tooth

Reg Love is not tied to Laws; why do you ſpeak this Language?

Tan Love! 'Tis a Diſeaſe as common among young Gallants, as ſwaggering and drinking Tobacco; what a fooliſh Thing 'tis to be drawing on for a Woman, as he were puffing and blowing at a ſtrait Boot, and to-morrow be ready to knock at Death's Door

Reg.

Reg. Alas! that will be my Disease———

Tan. Pish! ———think no on't——' Twil vanish. 'Tis but a Worm between the Skin and the Flesh, and may be taken out with a Waiting-woman's Needle as well as the best Lady's

Reg. If this be all your Comfort, wou'd you leave me.

Tan. Leave thee in Sickness! I had more need provide thee Caudles, and send for a Nurse. For mark thee, *Rogero*, Despair for a Woman is the poorest and most degenerate thing in the World. They hang about Mens Necks in some Places like Hops upon Poles.

Reg Her Walls of Chastity! cannot be beaten down.

Tan Walls of Chastity! Walls of Wafer-cakes; I have known a Woman carry a Feather bed and a Man in her Mind, and yet cast up her Eyes in the Street like a Puritan.

Reg. You do but stretch me on the Rack, and with lingring encrease my Pain. Be rather pitiful and ease my Torments.

Tan Well, since you take me to be so cunning, I'll tell you my Medicine

Reg. I shall for ever thank you.

Tan. First send for your Barber and let him by rubbing, quicken your Spirit. Then whistle your Gold-Finches, your Gallants, to your Fists.

Reg. You are mad, you are mad, or no Friend

Tan. Then into a Tavern, have your Musick, your brave Dance and whiff Tobacco 'till all smoke again and split.

Reg. You split my Heart in pieces.

Tan. Do thus 'till the Moon cuts off her Horns laugh in the Day, sleep in the Night, ———th Wenching Fire will soon out.

Reg. Away, away! ———for I can hear no more.

A Gentleman dissuades a Lady from Marriage for his own Ends.

Thomaso, Aurelia.

Tho. By your Leave, Lady, may my Boldness prove pardonable?

Au. Sir, the Name from whence you come is a Warrant to make you welcome here.

Tho. I must confess, Lady, I hear you honour him much; but have you received him absolutely for a Suitor?

Au. 'Tis very true, Sir, and him only.

Tho. 'Tis not gone so far I hope.

Au. Most certain it is——— and farther too, he has wooed and won me.

Tho. Then I am very sorry for your hard Fortune; yet if my Councils might prevail, I shall advise you not to step a Foot farther, lest you fall into a Sea of Sorrow, for you are now upon the Brink Danger.

Au. You begin strangely, Sir, I cannot understand you.

Tho. Read o'er your former Story, consider the Quiet, the Wealth, the Pleasure, the Peace you enjoyed, the free Command of all you have, none to command about you. Consider, on the other side, the many Cares, the Yoke you bring your Neck under.

Au. Sir, deal freely with me, what Respect moves you to this Dissuasion? Is it your Love of him, or Care of me?

Tho. It cannot be Love to him, Lady, to seek to cross him in so great a Hope as enjoying you. It is my Care that you should be free from such a Dishonour and Vexation as he would be.

Au. Yet I cannot understand how this proceeds from Care of me?

Tho.

Tho. Conſider Lady.

Au. I have conſidered before and now; but it moves not my ſtedfaſt Thoughts. I could uſe Words againſt you, but is it poor to boaſt of Love.

Tho. Lady, you are a Woman of the nobleſt and calmeſt Temper that ever I met withal.

Au. Truly, Sir, I believe you expected Railing, but that's a way which only common Women uſe.

Tho. I am ſtrangly taken, methinks I ſtand like a falſe Witneſs againſt another's Life, ready to take my Puniſhment.

Au. Sir I can pardon, and think all this brought to no ill purpoſe.

Tho. I would I had never ſeen you ſo contrary to all Opinion. People ſay you were uncivil, froward, and full of Womaniſh Diſtempers; but you are oppoſite in all.

Au. Your Commendments are much above my Deſerts.

Tho. Alas! my Purpoſe was to ſave my Friend from ſuch a Hazard. I am now fallen in my ſelf either to wrong my Friend, or burn in lawleſs Love. Farewel Divineſt Creature.

Au. Will you be going, Sir?

Tho. I only beg your Pardon and your Mercy, but dare look no more upon you.——My Stay will ruin me——Adieu, ſweet Lady.

The FANTASTICK.

Roderigo, Silvia.

Silv. WHAT! can you not abide a Maid, Sir?

Rod. Indeed I could never abide a Maid in my Life, Lady; but——

Sil. But what?

Red I ever'd ew away the Virgin, or the Virginity with a wet Finger

Sil You love to make your self worse than you are

Red I know few mend in this World, Madam; for the worst are best though: on, the worst are best spoken of among Women

Sil I wonder where you have been all this while with your Sentences

Red Faith where I must be again presently; I came to stay long with you, Lady

Sil By my Faith but you shall not, Sir; Cuds Bodkins, what will become of you shortly, that you drive Maids before you, and after so leave Widows behind you, as unkindly as if you had taken a Surfeit of our Sex lately, and our very Sight turned your Stomach

Red Cuds my Life, you abuse me, now never trust me, if it were not a good Revenge to help her to the Loss of her Widowhood

Sil That were a Revenge and an half indeed

Red Nay, it were but a whole Revenge, Lady; but such a Revenge as would more than observe the true Rule of Revenge

Sil I know your Rule before you utter: *Be revenged on thy Enemy, but without Damage to thyself*

Red Most rare Lady! this it is to be learned! Learning in Women is like Lustre in Diamonds

Sil But tell me—— How could you find in your Heart to stay so long from me?

Red Why, you are so smeard with this wilful Widow three Years Wed, that I never come to you, but I dream of Corps, Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the Night after; and therefore, Adieu, Lady

Sil Beshrew my Heart, you must not go these three Hours

Red Three Hours! How shall I do to spend the Time?

Sil.

Sil. Pray tell me, How does my Cousin?

Rod. Why, very well, Lady, and so is my Friend too: And then let me tell you, there is as worthy a Gentleman as any in *England* well

Sil. But when did you see my Cousin?

Rod. Nay, and he shall be well, and do well, if all my Estate will make him well.

Sil. Sir, you are very Duncitive, methinks.

Rod. Oh! Madam, if you had the same Reason that I have, it would make you very Duncitive too; or else you were very Duncitive i'faith

Sil. But can you tell me, say you of any thing that will make me dance?

Rod. Well, Farewell Lady; I must needs take my Leave in earnest.

Sil. Bless us! here is such a Stir with your Farewells.

Rod. I will see you again within two or three days on my Word Lady!

Sil. Ods Precious! Two or three Days! Why, Sir, you are in a marvellous strange Humour! Sit down sweet Sir, I must talk with you about great Matters.

Rod. Say then, dear Lady, be short, and utter your Mind quickly.

Sil. But pray, Sir, tell me first what's that would make me dance i'faith

Rod. Dance! What Dance? Hitherto your Dancers Legs how forsooth, and caper, and jerk, and fisk, and dandle the Body above them as it were their great Child; though the special Jerker be above this Place, I hope there lies that should fetch a Woman over the Coals i'faith.

Sil. Nay, good Sir, say what's the thing you could tell me of.

Rod. No matter, no matter, but let me see a passing prosperous Forehead of an exceeding happy Distance betwixt the Eye-brows, a clear dightning

Eye, a temperate and freſh Blood in the Cheeks, excellent Marks of good Fortune.

Sil. Why, how now, Sir, did you never ſee me before?

Rod. But the State of theſe Things muſt be ſpecially obſerved at this time, and outward Signs being now in this clear Elevation, ſhew your troubled Mind is in an excellent Capacity to prefer them to act forth more than a little.

Sil. This is excellent.

Rod. The *Criſis* here is ſuperlatively good, the Proportion of the Chin good, the Aptneſs of it to ſtick out good, and the Wart above it moſt exceeding good; never truſt me if all Things are not anſwerable to the Prediction of a moſt Divine Fortune towards you. Now if you have the Grace to apprehend it in the Nick, there's all.

Sil. Well, Sir, ſince you will not tell me your Secret, I will keep another from you. For the Diſcovery may much pleaſure me, and thy Concealment hurt my Eſtate.

Rod. Nay, then it ſhall inſtantly forth. This Conjuration even fires it out of me. Now, to be ſhort, gather all your Judgment together, for now it comes. Lady, young *Valentine*, rather my Soul than my Friend, is of too ſubſtantial a Worth to have any Figures caſt about him. He, notwithſtanding all other Women with Empires could not ſtir his Affection, is with your Vertues moſt extreamly in Love, and without your Requital dead.

Sil. You amaze me, Sir, ——— Is this the wondrous Fortune you preſage?

Rod. Nay, Peace, good Lady, I come not to raviſh you to any thing. But now I ſee how you accept my Motion. Have I rid all this Circuit to levy the Powers of your Judgment, that might

nor

not prove their Strength too ſuddenly with the Violence of the Charge, and do they fight it out in white Blood, and ſhew me their Heads in the ſoft Chryſtal of Tears?

Sil. Sir, Oh! you have wounded your ſelf in charging me that I ſhould ſhun Judgment as a Monſter, if it wou'd not weep; I place my Felicity in this World, in a worthy Friend,— and to ſee him ſo unworthily revolted, I ſhed not the Tears of my Brain, but the Tears of my Soul. And if ever I made Tears the Effect of any worthy Cauſe, I am ſure I now ſhed them worthily.

Rod. Your ſenſual Powers are up faith; I have thruſt your Soul quite from her Tribunal. But why weep you, Lady, for the wound of my Freindſhip? And is my Friendſhip thus touch'd for wiſhing my Friend double in your Singular Happineſs.

Sil. How am I doubled whith my Honour and good Name, two ſuch eſſential Parts of me, would be leſs and leſs

Rod. In whoſe Judgments?

Sil. In the Judgment of the World.

Rod. Which is a Fool's Bolt; for nothing is more remote from Truth than the vulgar Opinion. But, Lady, 'tis true, that your Honour and good Name, as the Spices of Truth, are worthily two eſſential Parts o' you; but as they conſiſt in Titles and corruptible Blood, and care not how many baſe and enormous Acts they commit; they touch you no more then they do Eternity. And yet no Nobility you have in either, ſhall be impaired neither.

Sil Not to merry a poor Gentleman!

Rod. Reſpect him not ſo; for he is a Gentleman, he is noble, he is wealthy, furniſhed with true Knowledge, he is rich, and there adorn'd with the exacteſt Compliments belonging to everlaſting Nobility.

Sil Which will not maintain him a Week; such kinds of Nobleness give no Coats of Honour, nor can get a Coat of Necessity.

Red Then it is no substantial Knowledge, but verbal and fantastical.

Sil Why does he seek me then?

Red To make you join Partners with him in all Things. And there is but a little partial Difference betwixt you that hinders that Universal Jointure.

Sil Good Sir, be content; I cannot hearken to your Persuasion.

Red I have more than done, Lady, and had rather have suffered an Alteration of my Being, than of your Judgment; yet I have done my Duty, and so farewell, sweet Lady.

The WIDOWs GRIEF.

Abigal and *Dryboots.*

Abig. NOW help me good Heavens! 'tis such an uncouth Thing to be a Widow out of Term-time! I do find such Anguish, Qualms, and Dumps, and Fits, and Shakeings still an end, I lately was a Wife, I do confess; but yet I had no Husband He alas! was dead to me, even when he lived: I was a Widow while he had Breath: His Death only made others know so much.

Dryb Why so melancholy, Sweet?

Ab How could I chuse, when thou were not here? I hope the Time is come, that thou wilt be as good as thy Word to me.

Dryb Nay, hang me, if ever I recant. You 'll take me both Wind and Limb, at a Venture; will you not?

Ab Ay, good Chuck, every Inch of thee; she were no true Woman that would not.

Dryb.

Dryb. I must tell one Thing though, and yet I am loath.

Ab. I am thy Rib, thou must keep nothing from thy Rib; good Chuck, thy Yoak-fellow must know all thy Secrets

Dryb. Why, I'll tell thee, Sweet, I have nothing.

Ab. Heaven defend!

Dryb. 'Tis very true.

Ab Now God forbid! and would you offer to undo a Widow-woman so? I had as lieve the old Vinter were alive again.

Dry. Nay, I was not born without it, I confess; but lying in *Turkey* for Intelligence, the Great *Turk* being somewhat suspicious of me, lest I might notice some of the *Seraglio*, gave Command, that I should be forthwith curbed.

Ab. 'Twas a heathenish Deed; there's none but an Infidel could have had the Heart to have done it.

Dryb. Now you know the worst that you must trust to; come, let's to Church Besides there is another Thing which does sometimes trouble me: E'er now I have had a Spice of the *Covent Garden* Gout, or so.

Ab. I do not ask thee about these Diseases; my Question is, whether thou hast all thy Parts?

Dry. Faith, you'll not be answer'd; I have lost a Joint or so. For there are few Soldiers that come off whole, unless it be the General, and some few Sneaks.

Ab. Ay, but my Meaning is, whether something is not wanting that should write thee Husband?

Dry Ne'er fear that, Widow, for all my Talk. But I am jealous, lest the Memory of your Husband should extinguish all Flames that tend to kindle any Love Fire.

Ab. I do confess, I do bear him in Memory; but when I remember what your Promise was, when I lay sick, it takes something from that Bitterness of

my

my Sorrow. I tell thee, Woman was not made to be alone.

Dryb. Tender Things at Seventeen may use that Plea, but you are arrived at *Matron*: I suppose these young Sparks are rak'd up in Sager Embers.

Ab. Nay, do not abuse her that must be your Wife. You might have Pity, and not come with your Nick-names; have I deserved this!

Dry. If you once hold Merits I have done; I am glad I know what Religion you are of.

Ab. What's my Religion? 'Tis well known, there has been no Religion in my House, since my Husband died. Yet if you can leave me, I can leave you. —— There are other Men enow that won't refuse a Proffer when 'tis offered.

Dryb. Well, I must be gone; think on it, and so Farewel.

Country WOOING *between* Dick *and* Doll.

Dick DOLL, my pretty Chicken, how dost do? How fares thy Body? Didst not think me almost lost?

Doll. I gave thee for lost in good Faith, and was in the Humour to have married another Man.

Dick. Why zure you were not: Thou didst but jest I know.

Doll. Truly I was; our could you blame me vor it. Is it not a Torture, think you, to stay Seven Years without a Husband's Company?

Dick. Methinks my Horns begin to bud already: They are very knotty; I wish thou hast not grafted something there already. I begin to suspect it shrewdly by divers Signs and Tokens; how comes your Belly high, Wife?

Doll. 'Tis nothing but a Tympany that troubles me sometimes.

Dick.

Dick. I believe thee: How long it it since thou perceiveſt it to grow upon thee?

Doll. About two Months ſince: The Doctor tells me I ſhall be free of it ſpeedily.

Dick He is a Fool ——— I am a better Doctor than he; thou ſhalt be free about fourteen Weeks hence, or thereabouts. Come, thou art a Whore, and haſt abuſed my honeſt Bed: I'll have thee before Mr *Juſtice*.

Doll. Spare me, gentle *Dick* ——— and hearken to my Counſel a little; ſince thou art a Cuckold, (as I do not deny) chuſe whether thou wilt wear thy Horns on thy Forehead, or put them in thy Pocket

Dick. Why then I am a Cuckold it ſeems?

Doll. I cannot ſay againſt it truly, and ſpeak the Truth, If I ſhould, this Mark of my Fortune here deeply ſtamp'd, would betray me ——— Therefore make no proclamation of thy Forked Order.

Dick. Did my Neighbour do ſo?

Doll. Yes, but he afterwards repented it.

Dick. Thou haſt devis'd a pretty Defence for thy ſelf, it is beſt to follow thy Councel, and ſay nothing, rather than ſtir this bad thing, and make it ſtink the more.

Doll. You may do what you pleaſe, but I have told you the beſt Courſe.

Dick. So then let it be ——— I have travelled well I trow, to Father a Child at my Return, of which I ne'er begot ſo much as the leaſt Finger. If this be the Fruits of Travelling, God deliver me from Travelling any more. Come *Doll*, we are both Friends, do ſo no more, and all is forgotten.

Doll. 'Tis as you ſtay at home and keep me warm but if you ramble, have at your Head.

LOVE-LETTERS, and LETTERS of COMPLIMENTS.

To his Mistress, in Acknowledgement of the Kindness of her Letter.

LADY, I am no less obliged to you for your Letters, than for your Entertainment. And though I have not Judgment enough to censure their Goodness, I am not so unfortunate, as not to taste of their Sweetness. I must entreat you to believe me, and not to forbear to make me Happy with them; you know not how I may accomplish and improve my self, being inst ucted by your Eloquent Copies, which if I cannot teach to my self I will at least shew them to those that shall render them excellent by their Imitation. For certainly without Flattery, all Nature had need put her self into Action, to find out your Equal. Lady I do with all seriousness acknowledge, that it is too great an Ambition for me, either to stile my self your Scholar, or your Servant.

An Excuse of too rash Belief of false Reports.

LADY, I am impatient till I see you, that I may between your Hands abjure all false Opinions. Only be pleased so to despise your self, that you may accept of my Recantation. By my last Letters you might perceive, that I had let in some false Reports had almost poison'd the fair Soul of my Belief. But as soon as I received the Characters of your Hand, and perused the Simplicity of that naked Truth, wherewith you put my Suspicions to flight, I soon came to my self, I was ever confident

dent, whatever falſe Rumour Folly divulged, that a Perſon of your noble Deportment knew how to preſerve your ſelf in the greateſt Contagion, and that you could run no other Peril in thoſe Adventures, but that of being importuned. You expreſs'd in your Letter ſome obſcure Conjectures concerning me; I perceive we are both tainted with the ſame Imperfection. Lady, ſuch Jealouſies, though they are dangerous if diſperſed, yet are the greateſt Confirmation of future Love. It was no great matter which of us changed our Opinion firſt. The thick Breath is now gone off from the clear Cryſtal of our then blemiſhed Affections. I aſſure you now I have ſuffered my ſelf to be perſuaded by your Reaſons; as for your Objections, there were not worth the confuting. Thus, Lady, you ſee how eaſily I am cured of this Sickneſs, being wholly diſpoſed to believe and obey you, and to be to the utmoſt of my Power, *Lady, &c.*

To her Servant not being reſolv'd to marry.

SIR,

I am not yet in the mind to change the Bleſſedneſs of my Condition for the Purgatory of Marriage. You tell me a Wife is the Wealth of the Mind; but you muſt except all Jealouſies and Diſlikes that may happen. Then that ſhe is the Welfare of the Heart, which is true, when Youth and Beauty, her Wit with Virtue, have that happy Agreement between themſelves, ſo as to command the Affections. But Sir, you are not to hear that thoſe Perfections are wanting in half our Sex. It were a Sin to pry farther into their Imperfections, the Terms you write on being ſo extremely oppoſite. But if I am not deceived in Reading, the learned expreſs, that they weaken the Strength, confound the Buſineſs of our Life, empty the Purſe, with a thouſand other ill Qualities, which when I meet you next

you

you shall be sure to hear of. 'Till then, wishing you the Continuance of the Quiet, wherein you boast to live, I decline of this Theme of your wiving Letters 'till our next Society. I bid you farewel, and rest, *&c.*

To his Mistress despairing of her Favour.

Madam.

WHat avails it you to make me feel your Thorns when I have gathered your Flowers, ? Why do you blame in Words him whom you have honoured in Effects, and blame him too without a Cause who cannot praise you but unjustly ? Moderate your Severity, seeing it offends you more than it hurts me I have protested a thousand times that I never was faulty, as you thought me, tho' it was to no purpose you believing otherwise ; it suffices for my Satisfaction, that I know the Truth, and that I have escaped all the ways in the World, to make you understand it, tho' in vain. Adieu, most fair, but yet too cruel. If you leave me, triumphing over the most worthy Subject in the World, I leave you vanquished by a more faithful Lover.

A Protestation of LOVE.

Madam,

I Have but one Soul to adore you but one Heart to love you, and but one Way to serve you; neither have I Cause to complain of my Choice ; for you are a Lady that bear about you so many Charms of Beauty, Rewards so full and satisfactory, that Men detest the Name of Liberty, to die under the sweet Yoke of your acceptable Servitude. If we speak of Miracles, you are the prime Example. If we discourse of Wonders, you are the Comparison ; in brief, you are so perfect, that Art and Nature are in a Dispute about the Frame of the Person. To say that I am your Servant, is too high for my Presumption; to call myself your Slave, is a little too glorious,

glorious. Behold, therefore, fairest Lady, my Sirname here, and give me such a Name as is most pleasing to your self

To desire a Meeting.

THE Esteem and Commendation which I have often heard my Brother publish of your Worth I hope may excuse the Boldness which I take to address my self to you for an Affair of great Importance. It requires a longer Relation than this Paper can contain, and less Delay than you imagine. A Maid shall be at the Door to conduct you to a Place of Assurance, where you shall see a Person, whose Entertainment shall supply the Brevity of this Discourse. I persuade me your Generosity will render you observant to these Desires, and that you will esteem your self indebted to me for having given you an Occasion to serve a fair Lady.

A Lady discovering her Love.

SIR,

THat Heart which persuades me it was no Temerity to Love, has emboldn'd me to discover my self your Lover. I shall not multiply Attestations to make you believe the Truth of my Affections; my sudden Resolution is a sufficient Testimony with your singular Desert. You being a Man of so noble a Quality, prescribes you the Duty to make you know this Love. I shall expect Effects rather than Promises; resolve to answer me with our Sight and Consent, but to will what ought secretly to be roved by the Desires of, *&c.*

The flat Denial.

SIR,

FOR what happened happily for you Yesterday, you are oblig'd to Fortune, not to Love. Now being to obey him, I am oblig'd to please others,

I

I forbid you therefore to pretend to me any more retracting all Promiſes whereon you might build your Hope. Remember no more what's paſt, and think no more of me for the future. I am no more yours: 'Tis ſufficient to let you underſtand you may live content with what Fortune has already given you, without ſeeking any longer what you cannot obtain

To a Lady, deſirous of writing to her Madam.

YOU deſire I ſhould write often to you: But what ſhall I write? If that you are perfectly Fair, and of equal Vertue, 'tis a Truth openly known and generally confeſs'd by the whole World. If that I love you as well as it is poſſible, I am apt to believe you do not doubt it. And when you pleaſe to ask me this Queſtion, I am able to give you ſtronger Aſſurances than theſe of my Letters; there remains then that I can written thing to you, for I have nothing to write but what I have now written. That as for your Merits you are without Example; ſo I for my Love and Faithfulneſs, am beyond all Compariſon the ſame. And though at length Time puts an end to all things, yet the Conſtancy which I have vowed to you, ſhall be an Exception to his Rules and Laws. Theſe are not only Words, Thoughts, Vows or Hopes; but Will, Reſolution and Proteſtation; accompany'd with an irrevocable Oath, which I do confirm to you out of the fear I have of giving you any occaſion not to be the ſame to

Your Faithful and ever Loving, &

To make known Affection

MAdam, It being natural to all Men to fly Death, I am at length forced, after much enduring, to make known that Grief which conſumes me. Neither have I done this without the greateſt hope

hope of Succeſs, knowing that Compaſſion is a thing not Human, but Divine, and that you cannot but imitate the Deities in all their Cuſtoms, who not only bow their Compaſſionate Ears to our Complaints; but are alſo urgent, that we ſhould continually pray to them, out of a deſire to beſtow their Favours upon Men This Reaſon, Lady, has made me preſume to believe that my Words ſhall not be altogether Fruitleſs, which are therefore bold to implore the Belief of my Paſſions from you While I am in Capacity to receive it, I ſhall expect your Anſwer, remaining your Servant while I live, but ſhall not live if you deny.

Inconſtancy complain'd of

I Muſt let you know that your Inconſtancy has provoked in me more Pity, than it hath procured me Ill, being willing to loſe the Poſſeſſion of that to Day, which I could not maintain till to Morrow. I ſay, Pity, becauſe I have ſome reſpect to your Honour, which is more intereſted in that Action than in any Contentment, I pray Heaven this Lightneſs may give you as much Satisfaction as it cauſed you Blame in the Eye of the World I ſhall always be glad of any good Fortune that ſhall happen upon you, as making Profeſſion to be ſtill, *&c.*

To a Lady that tax'd him with Jealouſie

MAdam, I have received your Letter this Morning, wherein I find my ſelf aprehended for being ſo Jealous of you Lady, knew you the Love that I bear you, you would not at all accuſe me: for from hence appears the Vertue of your Looks which are able to make the very Ice it ſelf to burn And of this my own Heart is Witneſs; for now as it were incloſed with Adamant, it fears no other Darts, the Force of which has blunted a Thouſand that have ſince been ſhot againſt it; which when it

it felt the Splendor of your Eyes, was wounded in a Hundred Places. Faireſt Lady, although the Pledge of your Love be ſuch, that is paſt my doubt to loſe it, yet infinite are the Cauſes why I ſhould not be accuſed for my Fear: The one becauſe your Beauty ſo tranſcends, that I may eaſily think you the Object of other Mens Hearts and Deſires. Beſides it is moſt natural, that he who gains with the greateſt Diligence and Labour, ſhould be always careful of his Gains. Who ever gained a thing with more Pain, than I have gained your Love: Who with more deſire of Body and Mind? Who with more Aſſault of tormenting Pain? Wonder not, Deareſt, therefore, if this create a Jealouſie in me; wonder not if I often preſs to you, the Love and Faith which ſhould make me dear to you These two Things are without Example: More I ſhall not now expreſs; only intreating from you how I may find a way to ſpeak to you, and feed my covetous Eyes with your Sight, which can no longer endure to faſt.

To his indifferent Miſtreſs.

Madam,

I Should live ill ſatisfied, as well from you as from my ſelf, might I not complain of the Ill you do me, of which the little Care you take is yet more cruel than the Evil it ſelf. That feeble Spark of Reaſon which reſts to me amidſt the Blindneſs of ſo much Amazement, lets me ſee in you ſo much Indifference, as not to ſee it. I ſhould take it for a Bleſſing to have loſt my Sight. I know well you will accuſe me of Raving, but to complain with Reaſon of an Ill, ſuffer'd without a Cauſe, is not to rave. The long Continuance of my Service, Madam, and the Advantage my Affections gives me before all ſuch as honour you, makes me preſume I hold in your Affection yet, ſome Place above the common

common ſort, and you have told me ſo; but ſuiting your Deeds unto your Words, there is no Company ſo ill, the Entertainment and Converſe of which you have not ſtill preferr'd to mine. Madam, I will not comment on your Actions, your Deportment being ſo juſt on my Behalf, that even the Ills you do me, do yet ſeem good to me. But I complain of Heaven, that has beſtowed on me ſo little Merit, and ſo boundleſs Love, according to which Proportion, the one leaves me to adore and honour you, the other invites you to diſdain and ſcorn me. Nor can I alſo deny, but that it ſeems extremely cruel to me, to ſee you hearken to any other Speech than that of my Complaint. Nor that I conceive not an ill Opinion of my ſelf by the ſlight Eſteem which you have of my Sufferings. Yet, Madam, ſince you are ſo well pleas'd, I ſhall conform me to your Humours, and make you ſee that I have no Content at all, but in what pleaſes you. But if my frequent Viſits render my Paſſion importunate, I ſhall moſt humbly beg, that you will accuſe your own Perfections of the Faults, that in the Image of ſuch Beauties, have caus'd me adore even Cruelty itſelf, and to ſeek the vain Shadow of Contentment in a moſt ſure and real Martyrdom.

An ANSWER.

SIR.

I Expected the leaſt of any thing, ſuch a Letter as it from you, whom I believe was better than ever ſatisfied in my Deportment and Intentions. You judg both of the one and the other, rather by Opinion than by Reaſon, and falſly accuſe me to have done you ill, ſince I have neither had the Power nor Will, and that you can never read the Good I wiſh you. You have little Cauſe to ſay, that I will accuſe you of Raving, when you call to mind, how I have promiſed to love you more than others. This

Truth,

Truth, Methinks, ſhould hold ſufficient place in your Belief, to hinder that any other Impreſſions ſhould ever uſurp the Room. But if you take the Pains to remember your ſelf of what you complain, and chiefly the Complaiſances wherewith I gratified all the World without taking Notice of you, you will find they are but Compliments to which Civility invites and obligeth me, and that they have been more liberally imparted to your ſelf than any Man. I am never importun'd by your viſits; but on the contrary, they have been ſo valued by me, that I deſire the Continuance, on Condition you give no more Faith to any thing averſe to the Eſteem which I have of your Demerits.

LETTERS *of* COURTSHIP.

Madam,

LOVE, who violently ties my Tongue, with the ſame Tyranny moves my Hand, and forces me by theſe Characters to acknowledge the Vaſſalage of my Heart already contracted and ſworn by my Eyes, Theſe Violences were very neceſſary to oblige me to this Teſtimony, which in reſpect to your ſingular Merits, cannot be but timorous Beauty, which is the Splendor of Divine Light, diſdains to be ador'd and worſhip'd with ordinary Terms of Humanity. I know it well, yet can I practiſe no other way; let theſe Expreſſions, faireſt Fair, be graceful to you, which iſſue from a Soul that glories more in being ſubject to you, than in its own Being. Refreſh theſe Hopes with your Anſwer, which is only able to ſave the Life of &c.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

HE who yields at the firſt Encounter, diſcovers his own Weakneſs, and cannot ſhun the Cenſure of Baſeneſs, and rather deſerves Hate than Love:

But

But for all this, who loves ought not to diſſemble. Theſe therefore come to aſſure you that I heartily love you; and had I not been moved by the doubt that I ſhould not have incurred your Diſdain, your Letter ſhould not have prevented mine. Now if you have any Thoughts to legitimate our Loves by Matrimony, I ſhall this Night expect you at.-- -Otherwiſe condemn your Affections as timorous, and put far from you the Hopes ever to poſſeſs, *&c.*

Fair Lady,

SInce your Eyes forbid me ſpeaking, pardon me if I have Recourſe to this Means, to make you know the Affection, which your Perfections have brought forth. If you are come hither to begin the Acquiſition of all the Hearts of the Kingdom, I bleſs my good Fortune, that has made me the firſt of your Conqueſts, and ranked me without Reluctancy under your Obedience I will be bold to hope, for ſome part in the Honour of your good graces, if they may be aſpired to by Services eternal and a Paſſion infinite, from, *&c.*

To his ſevere Miſtreſs.

Lady,

IF I found my ſelf Faulty, I ſhould not be ſo bold as to demand of you a Reaſon of your Severity, but having always ſerved you with Fidelity, I dare be bold to ſay, it is impoſſible you ſhould wiſh me ill, whatever diſguiſe you put on. It may be you would make Trial of me, but if you have a Deſign to receive my Service after a great deal of Time and Pains, I deſire you to do it for the preſent, and deliver us from the Cares and Vexations you are preparing for us. I aſpire not to that ſad Glory of knowing how to ſuffer well; tho' when I have indured your cruelleſt Torments, you will in the end be obliged to relent. Do that now for Affection, which you would

would then do for Juſtice, and making me ſo happy you ſhould find me to ſerve you alſo for Juſtice, which I did not but for Affection.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

IF you knew with what Violence I was conſtrained to this Mutation, I make no doubt you would eſteem me far more worthy of Praiſe than Reproach; imagine the Power of an auſtere Parent towards his Daughter under his Obedience. She may weep her fill, he bathes himſelf with joy in her Tears. Her Sorrows and Lamentations do but increaſe his Fury. This is the Caſe I am in, at this preſent. I leave you to conſider what I am able to do againſt ſo potent an Adverſary. The only Conſideration which remains in me, is, That I have loſt the Quality of your Miſtreſs, yet I will conſerve while I live, that of being, *&c.*

To a Gentleman on the loſs of his Miſtreſs.

SIR,

I Hope you will not complain of me, for taking the Lady's Picture, ſince I leave you in Poſſeſſion of the Lady her ſelf. I cannot deny but if I had found any Inclination in the Heart of that Fair One to pardon me, I would have conteſted for her Death. And I confeſs my Sorrows to depart before I had given you ſome Teſtimonies of my Reſentments, for the Trouble you have put me to Yet ſince I have taken up a Reſolution to puniſh none of all theſe that were the Cauſe of my miſerable Misfortune, I entreat you to acknowledge my Moderation, and let me make one Requeſt to you, That when you are in Poſſeſſion of the Lady, you will not inſult ever an unfortunate Lover, whom you have made miſerable, and not put her in Memory of that Inconſtancy, whereof you your ſelf have been

been a Confidant. This is the only Deſire, which an unfortunate Man will ever ask of you as long as he lives, who having found no Compaſſion in the Heart of his Friend, nor Sweetneſs toward him in the Mind of his Miſtreſs, will for ever renounce the Society of Men or Women. Madam ſince there is no King but receives a Tribute from his Subjects; permit me, I beſeech you, ſince I am not only your Subject, but your Vaſſal, to give what I can, though not what I ought. As you are my Goddeſs, I muſt preſent you with Offerings and Oblations; as you are the Queen of my Heart, I muſt pay you Tribute, therefore I beſeech you, accept of my Offering, no; to let you ſee I am Liberal, but to ſhew you that I am not Covetous I beſeech you, do not think I have any Thoughts of purchaſing your Heart by it. For I know the Price is ineſtimable, and that all the Gold, Diamonds, Rubies and Pearls, which the Sun ever produc'd, are not able to pay it. And if ever I ſhall hope to be ſo bleſſed hereafter, as to enjoy it I muſt have Recourſe to my Tears, Sighs and Prayers, and not to Preſents of Pearls and Diamonds However, I moſt humbly beſeech you, be not offended at my Boldneſs, nor take it ill from on, who having given you his whole Heart, may give you what he thinks inferiour to it alſo. And therefore I beſeech you, do not hate me for it, nor look more coldly upon me to Morrow, unleſs you will overwhelm with Sorrows your moſt humble Adorer.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

I Am ſo fully perſuaded tha Liberty is a Virtue and a Virtue moſt heroick, that I will never do any thing that may make you think me guilty of its oppoſite Vice. And therefore I have ſent back your rich Preſent, and ſent it without any ſharp Repreheniions; for ſince you do not know who I am, I

ought not to be offended at that which would be moſt injurious to me, if you did. Yet I muſt complain a little, that having ſo much converſe with him when I did not hide my Heart as I did my Face, you ſhould not have ſo good Opinion of me, as to think I would refuſe your Offer. But I will not break with you, tho' for no other Conſideration, but to give you Cauſe to know me better. However, to repair your Faults, I enjoin you to keep this Caſe which I ſend you, without ſhewing it to any one. For if you do, you ſhall never ſee my Picture, nor my ſelf

To his diſpleaſed Miſtreſs.

Dareſt Madam,

GIve me leave to believe, that your Mind being ceaſed, I ſhall be free from fearing the Thunder which Rigour threatens me withal. I deſire to be abſolved from the Duty of obeying your Commands, which you preſcribe me, to abſent my ſelf from your Sight, that is to ſay, from my Paradiſe, from Juſtice, if not from Pity. I pretend to Leave to preſent my ſelf to you, to wipe off the Reaſons I have, why I may ſtill pretend to enjoy your Favour. I expect an Opportunity to aboliſh the Conceits of Sacrilege; which thought as if I had intended to offend that Deity which I always adored, give me Leave only to ſpeak with you, that I may but diſcover to you in what manner Fortune was pleaſed to deceive you, and betray me. Then I aſſure my ſelf that my incorrupted Faith will regain our loſt Affection, which is moſt ardently deſired by, &c.

To his Abſent Miſtreſs.

Madam,

IF my Life be conſiderable to you, return very quickly, that I may be cured of a Mortal Sickneſs, which has ſurpriſed me by reaſon of your Abſence; you ought to be careful in conſerving me in

in the Paſſion I have of your Service; knowing there be few in the World can give ſo good a Teſtimony of your Worth, to which long ago I dedicated my ſelf.

To the ſame Effect.

Madam,

I Have led ſo ſorrowful a Life ſince the Day of your Departure, that if I ſhould recount it to the moſt inſenſible Souls in the World, 'tis credible they would be moved with Compaſſion. Yet I deſire not to ſtir up that Paſſion in you, ſufficing my ſelf that you take notice of it, to the end you may make no Queſtion of my Love, and leſs of my Conſtancy. I muſt tell you then, that having loſt both my Appetite and Repoſe, I paſs over whole Days without Eating, and whole Nights without Sleep. I may ſeek Contentment to a fair purpoſe in the Converſation of my Friends; but I can find it only in Solitude, where my Thoughts, as ingenious, as your ſelf to increaſe my Affliction, repreſent nothing to me but Cruelty. Judge now if I be not one of the moſt wretched Lovers in the World. Yet my Conſolation is this, that I ſuffer all theſe Afflictions for the moſt worthy Subject living, and from whom I would loſe a thouſand Lives; as being, *&c.*

The ANSWER.

SIR,

I Believe you ſuffer leſs Pain, than you have taken to deſcribe that which you ſay my Abſence produced in you. My Beauty I am ſure, can cauſe neither Sorrow nor Affliction to any Man. So that if you continue your Complaints, I ſhall be forced to continue my Reproaches; ceaſe then your Diſcourſe of Sorrows, Griefs, Sighs and Lamentations. It is a Language that moleſts me extreamly

and which makes me ſpeak thus freely to you, in the Quality of, *&c.*

From a Lady, by way of Expoſtulation.

SIR,

THO'I can no way doubt of your Affection by reaſon of ſo many Proteſtations you have made upon all Occaſions, able to convert any Miſbeliever from the ſtrongeſt Opinion to be contrary, ſince otherwiſe Honour, inſtead of Religion, ſhould extreamly ſuffer by ſo much Falſhood; yet whether that Love or no be of ſo noble a Quality, as to merit my Regard, is ſcarce a Queſtion, when you dare not before the Face of an Enemy, own thoſe Profeſſions you have ſo often uttered Alas! alas! to what a miſerable Condition am I brought, when he that my Heart would pleaſure, is afraid to receive the Father, becauſe he whom I have no will to love, is pleaſed to be angry. If I be grown leſs in Vertue than I was when you firſt made thoſe large Tenders, you ought to expreſs wherein, that I might defend my Reputation. But if your Inconſtancy proceed from Fancy, or want of Courage, you cannot expect I ſhould remain the ſame.

The ANSWER.

Madam,

AS I cannot but confirm my Proteſtations by a thouſand other new Oaths, not only to reaſſure you of my Fidelity in thoſe pure Affections I firſt offered upon the Altar of my Heart to your ſacred Perfections, but muſt conjure your Belief, by all the powerful Spells of Honour and Juſtice, that neither the Greatneſs of my Rival, or Doubt of my own Safety, could give the Occaſion to leſſen thoſe Reſpects ſo juſtly due from my Love to your Worth. Since I cannot hold the greateſt Perſon of too low a Conſideration for your Thoughts, but my

Life

Life, to be of too ſmall a Value to be loſt in any thing that can be poſſibly named by your Concernment. No, dear Madam, it was nothing leſs than the Honour and Indignation apprehended to ſuſpect your invaluable Perſon might be in ſome Danger from the Diſpleaſure of thoſe Friends whoſe Influence is ſo powerful for your Good or Harm. But now finding that I have a Releaſement by the powerful Warrant of your Pen, the Gods will not with-hold me from performing thoſe Services, wherein I will eſteem Death a Purchaſe, if the fair *Celia* do but own the Sacrifice offered.

To his Miſtreſs, requeſting her Picture.

Madam,

I Hope that you will not take amiſs the Requeſt that I now make you, that you will pleaſe to give me your Picture, knowing that I eſteem the Original more than any thing in the World. That fair Body, enlivened with ſo much Sweetneſs and Perfection, I hold in ſo great a Veneration, that I pine after the Shaddow of it. Be pleaſed therefore, to eaſe my Impatience by the Grant of this Favour, aſſuring your ſelf, that I ſhall place it among the greateſt Happineſſes that ever could befal, *&c.*

The ANSWER.

SIR,

THE Requeſt that you make me, to give you my Picture, is ſo obliging, that I am conſtrained to give my Conſent: Not at all wondering that you have before your Eyes, the Image of a Perſon that admires you ſo much. Be pleaſed to believe this for a Truth, in recompence of that Favour which I beſtow on you; alſo that I ſhall ever continue to be, *&c.*

To his Miſtreſs requeſting a Lock of her Hair.

Madam,

YOU need not wonder at that Servitude, to which you have reduc'd me; tis ſo pleaſing to me that I now requeſt from you new Chains, by the Gift of a Bracelet of your Hair, to tell you how much I ſhall eſteem that Favour, of which your Merit, or my Love only are capable. And as you have the knowledge of my Requeſts, ſo ſhall I leave you to think of anſwering my Deſires, as alſo of the Paſſion which I have to ſerve you, being more than ever, *&c.*

The ANSWER.

SIR,

YOur Deſerts have wrought ſo ſtrong a Perſwaſion in me, to conſent to the Favour which you requeſt of me, that I ſend it you in this Letter. I ſhall not impoſe upon you the Silence which you ought to keep in this Matter, knowing your Diſcretion has prevented my Command. It ſuffices me to put you in mind, that theſe are no common Favours, they require Secrecy from thoſe that receive them. I ſuppoſe you will not forget your ſelf in this Particular, while you remember that I am, *&c.*

To his Miſtreſs after his being recovered of an Ague.

Madam,

YOU may very well admire to receive a Letter from one, whom long before this Time, you might imagine to have been dead, a Patient which the Doctors gave over; and who confeſſes himſelf no Phyſick could have a cured him but that of your fair Preſence, which carried ſuch a Sovereignty with it that my Ague preſently left me, and Nature, in ſpite of my Diſeaſe, took Strength to her ſelf, and rais'd me up in my Bed, to make this clear Acknowledg-

ment

ment of Cure to your Beauty. Madam, I now find my self rid of that Distemper, and am perſuaded, that for the future, I ſhall rather ſuffer under the ſcalding Heat of a Fever, than of a ſhivering Cold. I could not but expreſs my Fears to you, with my Thanks, hoping that you will take care to preſerve what you have created. Be pleaſed to intereſt your Affection for my Safety, and to defend a Creature, which your Goodneſs has made ſo dear to you, as to be ever, *&c.*

To his Miſtreſs upon the Death of her Servant.

Madam,

I Believe if you have been the laſt, who have heard of the Death of your Servant, that you will be one of the firſt, and indeed the only Perſon who will in your Soul celebrate the ſad Remembrance of him a much longer Time than any of his Friends. Not that his Merits oblige you, for I well know that all his Merits do not oblidge you; ſince I know all Merit loſes its Eſteem in your Preſence, being ſo perfect as you are; nor your Pity, though it be natural to you with your other Vertues: But only his Love and Conſtancy, as being both equally incomparable. Now what Puniſhment will you impoſe upon your Beauty if there be nothing in you, that has partaken of the Millions of Pains which he has endured for your ſake. Certainly you ought to ſuffer Shipwrack in the Sea of your own Tears, unleſs the God of Love has need of you for one of his Altars, ſince you are the only Idol, to whom ſurviving Suitors will now pay the Oblation of their Servitude. And as for my ſelf, who have undertaken to ſucceed to the Merits and Conſtancy of your deceaſed Servant, I will not give you Aſſurance in Words, for Deeds themſelves ſhall always be my Sureties. Dry up your Tears, ſtop your Sighs: I ſummon you to this Duty in the behalf of Reaſon it ſelf, knowing his

Commands

Commands are to be obeyed. Madam, when I first put Pen to Paper, I had a Design to Comfort you, but knowing the greatness of your Resolution against all sorts of Accidents, I changed my Intention to assure you of the Love and Servitude which I have vowed to you under the Title of, *&c.*

To his sick Mistress.

Madam,

THO' the fairest of Women envy your Beauties, and the most Perfect your Merits, yet are they silenced by your Charms. Nay Sickness it self is rendred Captive by the Puissance of your Allurements. Which though it wound you now, it is but with the Wounds that you have made, and doubtless it has seized on you, hoping that by the Possession of your fair Body it may both change its Name and Nature. Neither do I believe it is you, but your Rigour which it intends to destroy. Be you less cruel, and the Disease will assuage, otherwise you will be in danger of your Life; tho' questionless, the Consideration of destroying so many Wonders, will put a stop to his Designs. Death oftentimes makes use of Love against us, so that he will have a Care of your Life, as of his keenest Weapon, wherewith he brings us Men under his Command, making us willing to yield to his Stroke as the Refuse of that Misery, to which your Cruelty so frequently reduces us. This I know by Experience, as being near the brink of the same Danger.

To his long absent Mistress.

Madam,

I Cannot but deplore my Misfortune, that Cameleon like, I live only on the Idea. All the Supports of my frail Life having been for these twelve Months only, from Imagination. I protest, Lady, that Four Letters which I received Quarter after

Quarter

Quarter, have with much ado kept me alive. The last you directed to me being so short, as if you had consigned me to the Extremity of so thin a Diet, that your most despised Lovers might in my pitiful Picture, read to themselves Lectures of Consolation. Lady, I know at the best, that absent Persons cannot entertain themselves but by Letters; yet by as woful Experience I find, that there is but small Pleasure to hear thus far off from one another as we do. For my part, I cannot but complain, and I think I have more cause than any Man living: You then that know the Reality of this my Expression, believe me; for you have exposed me to such Extremities, that I am now resolved to approach you, and to write no more, but to shew in act what I have been accustomed to protest, how perfectly I can be, &c.

To his Mistress acknowledging Acceptance of his Service.

Lady,

I Am at last in part persuaded, That I have Two the best Fortunes that the Earth can afford me, the Possession of your Vertue, and your Favour. You may say this Language is very fair, and that my Friendship speaks like Love; I have no other Answer to return you, but that as you gain Hearts, you have found out a way to enter into them, and see what Affections they produce. Let me therefore entreat you to behold the Violence of my Devotion; and since I do entitle you my Goddess, be pleas'd to express your self by the Effect of so fair a Name, in accepting the Heart more than the Hand, and prizing the Character of my Sincerity above the value of my Obligation. Certainly, I should be the most unfortunate among the Living, should you be a severe Censurer of my Works or Words, in both which there is neither Power nor Eloquence; but had I the one or the other in a perfect Degree

I ſhould never be able to ſhew you as I would, the Deſire that enflames me to ſerve you, and to be, &c.

Drolling LETTERS.

Madam,

I Have now left the bloody Banners of *Mars* to follow *Cupid*'s Enſign. Though I muſt now confeſs the latter to be the ſeverer Service. For by the one we only get broken Pates, by the other wounded Hearts. There we have Pay and Plunder; here we have neither. But from whence ariſes all my Trouble? 'Tis from you, Madam, who like the *French Amazons*, are riſing up to terrifie me in the Minds of all Conqueſts: For alas! the Aſſaults of your Eyes have ſo alarm'd my Breaſt, that it is in vain for me to think of repoſing by Day, or ſleeping by Night. Oh that you would make an End of the War, and come and take me in my own Quarters! otherwiſe I muſt be compelled to bring my ſcaling Ladders to force that Bulwark of Beauty, your fair and comely Body, to free my ſelf from the hourly Incurſion which your Perfections make upon my Soul. But why do I rage? Deliver it by fair means; by the Beard of *Jupiter* if you come to ſpeedy Compoſition, and Surrender, there is no Man ſhall venture his Life farther, to defend you from the Batteries of Lying Fame and Slander. And more than that, you ſhall find him the moſt faithful Knight, that ever ſmote terrible Giant, for fair Lady's Sake.

A Country Schoolmaſter to his Miſtreſs:

Bright Star,

KNow you not already that you are mounted above the Horizon of Accompliſhments? *Nihil*

hil verius est —— there is nothing more true. And being thus the Miracle of your Perfections, and the Perfection of Miracles, with a soft Violence, you have wounded my bleeding Soul, *Fœminea generi Tribuuntur*; the Feminine Gender is very troublesome. But, Oh Damsel! as Fair as you are Cruel, and as Cruel as you are fair, do not resemble that wicked Emperor *Nero*, who took pleasure to see the City of *Rome* on Fire. Oh do not from the Turret of your Merits, with Delight behold, not only the Suburbs, but the City of my Heart to burn with all the Temples in it, which I have dedicated to your Honour. For I can assure you, more Fair than *Venus*, that whatever Oration or Syllogism, poor miserable Passive I can make by way of special Demonstration, is only to shew and acknowledge how much I am, your Superlative-Servant, *per om es Casus*, in all Cases.

A Seaman to his Delight in Wapping.

Kind, if not unkind.

HAving read in a Ballad that a Woman is compared to a Ship, it made me conceive no small Reason for a mutual Love between us; since it is most certain, that a Seaman cannot be without a Ship, nor a Ship without a Seaman, and therefore do not shipwreck my good Intentions in their first Voyage to thee. Alas! for thou hast no reason to despise me, because my Cloaths are besmeared with Pitch and Tar, knowing that I shall stick the faster to thee. I must confess, I have cast Anchor in the Harbour of thy Love. Oh! do not cut the Cable of my Affection, lest I run a drift into a Sea of Misery, and where the Waves of Despair, swell'd by the Gust of thy Disdain, shall dash all my Hopes against the Rocks of Misfortune, I am in already; nor is it my Power to help my self. O *Susan*, *Susan*, receive my floating Soul into the

Cock-

Cock-boat of thy Heart, that thy poor *Dick* may not die, but live to recompence the Preſerver of his Life.

A Country Parſon *to a rich* Farmer's *Daughter.*

Dear Mrs Dorothy,

THE Parſon of the Pariſh ſends thee Greeting in theſe Lines. For verily, laſt Sunday, as I was preaching, thou didſt dart from thy Eyes the Love of thy Amiable Features into my Breaſt: So that even as a Woman with Child longeth for the Coner of an Apple Tart, or piece of raw Mutton, ſo do I thirſt after thee; and even as a Virgin that eateth Chalk, and drinketh Vinegar, looks pale, and loſeth her Stomach, ſo do I look pale with languiſhing for thee, and my Belly is ſhrunk up for want of Food, for I have not eaten above half a Surloin of Beef, Forty Tithe-Eggs, Thirty Black-puddings, and Five great brown Apple-Paſties ſince Sunday laſt, that your Father took me home to Dinner, which is now almoſt a Week. I ſhall put it to thy choice, whether thou wilt be courted in publick or private; for I have made ſix delicate Sermons upon the moſt amorous Places in the *Canticles*, wherewithal to allure thee into my Embraces. If thou doſt conſent, then will I go to thy Mother, and as the Child deſires the Maid to ſpread him ſome Bread and Butter for his Afternoon's Luncheon, ſo will I deſire thy Mother to give her Daughter unto me, that I may ſpread my ſelf upon thee. If ſhe replieth, Yea; then will I ſpeak unto her in the Words of St. *Bernard*, *I heartily thank you good Mother.* But if ſhe ſay unto me, Nay, then as St. *Cyprian* has it very well, *I ſhall be ready to hang my ſelf* Be thou therefore my Preſerver, and my Intercedeer, that neither thou mayeſt want a Husband, nor the Pariſh a Miniſter, nor thy Mother a Man to devour her Bag-pudding.

Love

LOVE SONGS.

CUPID put to Flight.

HEnce, foolish Boy, my Anger shun,
Thy Triumphs are no more;
No more by thee the World's undone;
Thy Conquest now give o'er:
Alas! that such an Elf so long
Besotted hath the World;
That at thy Beck the Warriors strong,
Their Ensigns up have furl'd.
And laid the glorious Business by,
That called forth their Arms;
To gaze upon a Woman's Eye,
And court destructive Charms;
Which at a Distance Vertues kill,
And manly Courage tame;
Which dim Ambition's Lustre still,
And puts us out of Frame.
Then learn of me henceforth be wise,
Slight, slight that foolish Boy,

Who

Who ever us would tyrannize,
And all our Peace destroy;
In sunder let his Shafts be snapp'd,
And be at nought he sit
With his false Mother be intrap'd
In Vulcans fabl nt

Cruelty Reveng'd.

DAme Nature thou hast made me fair,
And Art endow'd me past Compare,
So that I've oft been sought in vain,
And still have answer'd with Disdain.
No Sighs could move me to have lov'd,
To 'Plaints deaf as the Seas I've prov'd;
Laugh'd when they languish'd in Despair,
And triumph'd in each falling Tear:
But now the mighty Triumph's past,
And I wear Cupid's Chains at last;
I love the Man that loves not me,
But pays with Scorn my Cruelty,
He flies from me when I make Suit,
And will not hear my Passion out;
But leaves me blushing and confus'd,
Saying, too many I've abus'd.
Alass! what shall poor Cœlia do?
My former Cruelties I rue,
And yet is all in vain! Ay Grief
Find, no Assuagement or Relief.
I see the powerful God of Love,
Never his Shafts in vain do's prove,
To punish those that disobey,
And do despise his Scepter's Sway

The deceived Nymph's Complaint.

IRIS on the Bank of Thames.
With a Sigh and weeping Eyes,
Said to lovely Cellaman,
Let no Man your Heart surprize,

Men

Men are all made up of lies
Though a thousand times they swear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they say is common Air,
All they promise but deceit,
None were ever constant yet.
Wisely then preserve your Heart,
From such Tyranny of Hate,
Which only they can act its part,
When Love has its return of Fate,
And then Repentance comes too late.

The Chaste Lover.

HENce *stormy* Boreas *fan the roaring Ocean,*
Or in wild Africa *raise some strong Commotion,*
Where Auster *spreads his Cloud-supporting Wings,*
Disturb not with thy Breath these Silver Springs,
In which Dinna's *Nymphs bathe their fair Limbs,*
And blushing, sport about the verdant Brims,
While chaming Satyrs *dance the antick Round*
And are with Vines and Ivy Chaplets crown'd
Where the chaste Goddess, by the Moon's pale Light,
Appears in Majesty transcendent bright,
And summons thither all her Silver Train,
Among which Train my fair Nymph doth reside,
In Thought of whom I take my chiefest Pride
Her naked Beauty so transporting prove,
That whoso gazes, ravish'd is with Love.

Love's Folly display'd.

IN'er *was in Love but once*
Then how like a Fool did I look?
As never did blockheaded Dunce,
Who fear'd to be whipt for his Book.
Who made more Excuses than I,
To tel Folks I was not in Love?
But my Looks they gave me the Lye,
My Heart with my Tongue did not move

How

How much more than a Woman I made her.
My self much less than a Man,
Let him who in Love is a Trader,
Put on his Pis Prospective and scan
Which caus'd her to stand at a Distance,
And long held off in Defiance,
But I was ens'd by Resistance,
Which I ne'er had been by Complirnce.
And since I have laughed full oft,
To think of the Follies of Love;
How Lovers are jeer'd and scoff'd,
Yet will not the Cause remove.
A Cook-wench if once she find,
That unto her Love you are bent
She'll be puff'd up in her Mind,
And fancy that she is a Saint.

The Spinning Wheel: Sung to the King at *Windsor.*

UPON a Sunshine Summer's Day,
When every Tree was green and gay,
The Morning bl sh'd with Phœbus *Ray,*
Just then ascending from the Sea;
As Sylvia *did a Hunting ride,*
A lonely Cottage he espy'd,
Where lovely Cloe *spinning sat.*
And still she turn'd the Wheel about.
Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,
Her curling Hair was lovely brown;
Her rowling Eyes all Hearts did win,
And white as Down *of* Swan *her Skin.*
So taking her plain Dress appears,
Her Age not passing sixteen Years?
The Swain lay sighing at her Foot,
Yet still she turn'd her Wheel about.
Thou sweetest of thy tender Kind,
Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy Mind,
Such Grace attracting noble Lovers,
Was ne'er design'd for Wood, and Grovers.

Come

Come, come with me to Court, my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honours there;
And leave this ſordid rural Rout,
And turn thy Wheel no more more about
At this with ſome few modeſt Sighs,
She turns to him her charming Eyes;
Ah! tempt me, Sir, no more ſhe cries,
Nor ſeek my Weakneſs to ſurprize:
I know your Arts are to be believ'd,
And know how Virgins are deceiv'd;
Then let me thus my Life wear out,
And turn my harmleſs Wheel about
By that dear panting Breaſt, cries he,
And yet unſeen Divinity;
Nay by my Soul that reſts in thee,
I ſwear this cannot, muſt not be.
Ah! cauſe not my eternal Woe,
Nor kill the Man that loves thee ſo;
But go with me, and eaſe my doubt,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.
Her cunning Tongue ſo plaid its part,
He gain'd Admiſſion to her Heart,
And now ſhe thinks it is no Sin
To take Love's fatal Poiſon in;
But ah! too late ſhe found her Fault,
For we her Charms too ſoon forgot;
And left here the poor run out,
In Tears return her Wheel about.

A CATCH.

SOME thirty, or forty, or fifty at leaſt,
Or more I have low'd in vain, in vain;
But if you'll vouchſafe to hear a poor Gueſt,
For once I will venture again, again.
How long ſhall I be in this Mind, this mind,
Is totally in your Powe
All my Days I can paſs with the kind; the kind,
But I'll part with the Proud in an Hour.

Too

Then be but good natur'd and civil, and civil,
You'll find that I can be so too, so too;
Or if not, you may go, you may go to the Devil,
Or the Devil may come to you, to you.

Love's Power contemn'd.

AWay foolish Boy, I'll not endure
Love that simple Toy, for to procure
To me the least Annoy:
Away with your Quiver, your idle Dart
Shall never, procure my Smart;
But I'll brave thee ever.
Oh, that Men would be afraid of thee,
Afraid of one who could never see;
And at his Throne still to bow the Knee:
When Folly impowers to bear such Sway;
When as idle Hours do us betray
To sleep in his Bowers.

The Country Wooing.

FAith Betty, *you knew that I have long lov'd you,*
And to be my Wife full often have mov'd you.
But you have look'd scarsul; yet now tell me true
What is it my Sweeting, you mean to do?
If that you will have me, deny me no more,
For I of my Compliments have spent all my Store;
Then say, my Love, shall's wedded be? and blush not,
For I am resolv'd to know the very Upshot.
Are you in earnest then, nay, if you be so,
Ise must ask my Mammy before Ise can go;
Ise warrant ye shall glad me, when once she hears on't,
Ise oft hear you talk, but ne'er ween'd y' had don't.
But if we mun be married, all be married,
Ise will be to the Kirk on Horseback carried:
And then we's have a Feast made of Curds and Cream,
Where Ise am resolved to watchel my Womb.
Art thou so willing, my pretty Pigsnies,
The Jewel that Johnny *e're did prize.*

Then

Then to thy Mothers ſpeedily he's gone,
For to be tickling thee, ſaith I do long.
We'll daily in Peaſes Mow ſport it merrily,
And all th pretty Acts of Love there we'll try;
I'll clip thee in my Arms with ſoft Kiſſes,
Such as Gentlevoke gives to their kind miſſes.

The Lover in Deſpair.

DArkneſs does now the World ſurround,
And Silence every where abound;
Each Shepherd with his Shepherdeſs,
Dallying long in Love's Exceſs,
Sleeps at laſt between her Breaſts,
And void of Care ſecurely reſts.
The Flocks they do not ceaſe to ſtray,
And only Stars keep on their Way;
And ſilent Ghoſts who haunt the Tombs,
And vaniſh with the diſmal Glooms,
But I poor I, with Love poſſeſt,
Muſt languiſh, and can have no Reſt.
What is it that I have not done?
What Sighs, what Showers of Tears, what Moan,
Have I ſent, have I ſhed and made?
Yet ſtill with Scorn I am repaid:
Since Vertue here no Reſt can have,
I'll haſt to ſlumber in the Grave.

Kindneſs the true Care.

I Languiſh all Night, and I ſigh all the Day,
Yet Celia proves cruel, and ſtill turns away:
She hides the bright Luſtre of her Sun-like Eyes,
And unemployed Beauty, for which Strephon dies.
The Nymphs they do pity me, but 'tis in vain,
Apollo himſelf cannot eaſe my fierce Pain;
None but ſhe that wounds me, has Balſam to cure
The deſperate Anguiſh I daily endure.

Celia

Celia Unkind.

MY Cælia, ſtay, why flyeſt thou ſo?
Whither, whither wilt thou go?
Cruel! wilt thou leave me now,
To whom thou Conſtancy did vow,
When thy ſoft Whiſpers through my Ears
Paſſing bar'ſh'd all my Fears;
Think, think of what ſo late is paſt,
And flee not, flee not now ſo faſt.
Wound me not with Cruelty,
For if ſo ſoon I ſhall die;
My Life it is bound up in thee,
And when thou art gone it leaveth me;
No Pleaſure but in thee I take,
And all Things ſuffer for thy ſake;
Nothing e'er too hard can prove
For my ever conſtant Love.
For ſince my Breaſt hath prov'd Fuel,
And took Fire, be you not cruel,
But with kindneſs quench the Fire,
Which ſtill burns with ſtrong Deſire,
Which ſtill torments with pleaſing Pain.
O come, my Cælia, bath again!
With gentle Breath, come fan my Fever,
Or I am loſt, undone for ever.

A Drinking SONG.

COME fill us the Glaſſes untill they run o'er,
Wine is the Miſtreſs we ought to adore;
Women are pretty fantaſtical Toys,
Fit to pleaſe fooliſh and ignorant Boys; (Joys.
But Wine, Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the true
'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the true Joys,
Wine keeps out Envy and Grief from our Hearts,
Wine keeps us from blind Love his Darts;
We never at Fortune's Injuſtice complain,
Nor are we troubled with Cælia's Diſdain,

But

But all, all all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign,
All all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign
Come fill the Glaſs, and I'll drink a new Health,
Which ſhall not be to my Wit nor my Wealth;
Or to my Miſtreſs, to his or to thine,
But to a Creature more tart and divine;
But to a Creature more tart and divine;
Come here, here, here's to the beſt I mean the beſt Wine
Here, here's to the beſt I mean the beſt Wine,

No Fool like the Old One.

HOW frail is Old Age to believe
Their Sinews can ever be ſtrong;
Or think that a Heap
Of Diſeaſes can reap
The Pleaſures of him that is young;
So wretched a Thing is a dozing old Man.
His Life has been ſpent in Debauch,
Till he comes to be Sixty or more;
And ſo wenches on,
'Till his Vigour be gone,
And then the old Lecher gives o'er;
And an old dozing Fool is worſe than a young.

Love's World.

GReat Artiſt Love th' ſure Foundation laid,
And out of me another World has made;
The Earth is my Fidelity which ſtands
Immovable by any mortal Hands;
And as this World upon the Earth is founded,
So this on my Fidelity is grounded.
If any Fits of Jealouſy do make
The Earth of my Fidelity to ſhake;
And cauſe my conſtant ſolid Heart to tremble,
Impriſon'd Winds exactly thy reſemble,
Which being in the pregnant Womb incloſ'd,
Make me and the whole Globe be diſcompoſ'd.

My

My Tears the Ocean are, you may as ſoon
Exapty the Sea, as ſtop their running down;
My Sighs ſo many Storms are which rebel,
And make this Sea to bubble and to ſwell;
And my Eyes flowing, Rivulets to glide,
Paying their conſtant Tribute to this Tide.

The Air my Will is, pure, ſerene and free,
And always waits on my Fidelity;
The Wind is my Deſire, and rules my Will,
Which by the ſtronger Guſt is moved ſtill;
And as in Caverns we do ſee the Wind,
Some Deſire is in my Heart confin'd.

The Fire inviſible mixed in the Air,
Theſe ſecret Flames that burn my Heart are;
And as this Element no Eye can ſee,
Even ſo my Flames within me ſmother'd be;
But as all Fire ſome Nouriſhment does crave,
So muſt mine die, or Nouriſhment muſt have.

My Hope the Moon is, which does ſtill increaſe,
Or diminiſh always more or leſs;
And as fair Sylvia, *I do find it true,*
I have no Light until ſupply'd by you:
So ſhe no bright Perfection ever won,
Till beautified with Glories from the Sun.

The Sun is your incomparable Eye,
Which other Planets do ſo far outvie;
That as the Sun Life to the World does give,
So Lovers die unleſs you bid 'em live,
'Tis Day when you appear and it is Night
Obſcurely, when you are out of Sight.

The Sun is my Joy when you do pleaſe
To ſhine upon me, and my Paſſion eaſe:
The Winter is my Fear, when you withdraw,
And my deſpairing Doubts deny to thaw;
And then, alas! what Fruit can Autum bring,
When I can find no Flower in the Spring.

The

The Reſolved Lover.

LOng did I Love to my Torment,
But Phillis grew proud and Cruel;
Slighting all Means of Preferment,
I languiſh'd my Life away;
Jealouſies, Doubts, Deſpairs,
Did hourly increaſe the Fuel;
Sighs, and a Deluge of Tears,
Wore out the tedious Day.
But now I know what the worſt of Love is,
I'll leave it quite o'er, and languiſh no more,
Let the amorus Cully deſpair:
My Love I will end to my Bottle and Friend,
And ſtill live as free as the Air.
Charming and bright as a Goddeſs,
Was Phillis when I firſt lov'd her;
But now ſhe is proud and immodeſt,
Ah! pity it 'twas her Crime;
Though ſhe ſo dearly did love it,
She' drail whene'er I mov'd her
Scorn of a Bleſſing they covet,
Damns Women before their Time.
Why ſhou'd a Man that has Senſe and Honour,
Doat on a Snare that the Devil made fair,
As a Plague to the beſt of Mankind?
They love, fawn and pray, yet hate the next Day;
There's no Joy like Wit and Wine.

The Generous Lover.

THE Night her blackeſt Sables wore,
All gloomy where the skies;
And glittering Stars there were no more,
Than thoſe in Stella's Eyes:
When at her Father's Gate I knockt,
Where I had often been;
And ſhrouded only by her Smock,
This Angel let me in.

Faſt lockt in my cloſe Embrace,
She trembling lay aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſts and glowing Face,
And ev'ry Touch enflam'd;
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

Ah! then beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the Joy,
I know no greater Bleſſing,
So much a God was I
And ſhe tranſported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd that every Night
Sh'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bearn,
And ſighing ſad and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Lookt then juſt like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o'er,
Repeating her ſweet Sin;
She ſigh'd and curſt the fatal Hour
That e'er ſhe let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive
Or from ſuch Virtue part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The Charmer for my Heart;
But wedded and conceal'd her Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now ſhe thanks the bleſſed time,
That e'er ſhe let me in.

SONG

AFter the ſweeteſt Pangs of hot Deſire,
Between Panthea's rising Breaſts,
His headed Head Philander reſts,
Though vanquiſh'd yet unkowing to retire;

Cloſe

Cloſe hugs the Charmer, and aſham'd to yield,
Tho' he has loſt the Day ſtill keeps the Field.
When with a Sigh the fair Panthea ſaid,
What pity 'tis ye Gods! that all
The braveſt Warriours ſooneſt fall:
Then with a kiſs ſhe gently rais'd his Head,
Arm'd him again for Fight; for nobly, ſhe
More lov'd the Combat than the Victory,
Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his Strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War;
Nor ceaſes 'till the Noble Prize he won;
Even her ſuch wondrous Courage did ſurprize,
She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dies.

Cœlia's Expoſtulation.

SAD as Death at dead of Night,
The fair complaining Cœlia ſat,
But one poor Lamp was all her Light
While thus ſhe reaſon'd with her Fate
Why ſhould Men ſuch Triumphs gain,
And purchaſe Joys that give us Pain,
Ah! what Glory can enſue,
A helpleſs Virgin to undo?
Curſe the Night, and curſe the Hour,
When firſt he drew me to his Arms!
When Virtue was betray'd by Power,
And yielded to unlawful Charms.
When Love approach'd with all his Fires,
Arm'd with Hopes and ſtrong Deſires,
Sighs and Tears, and every Wile,
With what Men the Maids beguile.
Dream no more of Pleaſures paſt
Since all the Torments are to come;
The Secret is made known at laſt,
And endleſs Shame is now thy Doom.
The falſe Forſworne, alas, is gone,
And left thee to deſpair alone;

Who that hears of Cælia's Pain.
Will ever trust a Man again?

SONG.

BRight Virtues! a Treasure,
Exceeds my Love's Pleasure
It makes a Heaven on Earth;
There's nought in Creation,
Of the Divine Fashion,
But owes unto it its Birth.
Tell me not of Beauty,
For that will not suit me,
Nor Riches make me obey;
'Tis Virtue do's charm me,
'Gainst all else I arm me,
To that my best Thoughts I pay,
Then send me that Jewel,
My Breast shall be Fuel,
To entertian a chaste Flame;
I'll Women admire,
If Virtue inspire,
And ever extoll her Fame.
She shall be the Treasure
I love beyond Measure,
And my delight in her place
For if Vertue abound,
Wealth and Beauty are found,
Since Vertue supply every Grace.

The Charmed Lover.

SHE who my poor Heart possesses,
Is of late so fickle grown;
She to every Fop that dresses,
Still is parting with her own.

Once if any chanc'd to name her,
All ravish'd did appear,
Now I blush lest they defame her
With some Truth I dare not hear

While my doubts are yet prevailing,
If she but the thing deny,
Soon she makes me leave my Railing
And I give my Thoughts the Lye
You whose Skill in Love is greater,
Say what Charm compels my Fate
Say what makes me Love her better,
Whom I fear, I ought to hate.

The Clown's Courtship. Sung to the K at Windsor

QUO' John to Joan, Wilt thou have me?
I prithee now wilt? and I'll marry with thee;
My Cow, my Horse, my House and Rents,
And law my Lands and Tenements;
Say, my Joan, say my Joan, wilt thou not do?
I co not I connot come every Day to wooe,
I ha' Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
And three fat Hogs pent up in a Sty;
I have a Mare and she is coal black,
I ride on her Tail to save her Back.
Say, my Joon, &c.
I have Cheese upon the Shelf,
I cannot eat it all my self;
I have three good Marks that lies in a Rag
In a Nook of a Chimney instead of a Bag,
Say, my Joan. &c.
To marry I would have thy Consent,
But Vaith, I never could compliment;
I can say nought but Hoy Gee Hoa,
Terms that belong to the Cart and Plough
Say, my Joan, &c,

The Earnest Suit.

NO more, cruel Nymph, my Passion despise,
Or slight a poor Lover that languishing lies.
Tho' Fortune my Name with no Title endow'd;
Yet fierce is my Passion, and warm is my Blood;

The Love of an Emperor no greater can be,
And Enjoyment's the ſame in every Degree.
But vigorous and young, I'll fly to thy Arms,
Infuſing myſelf in Elyſium of Charms,
A Monarch I'll be when I lie by thy ſide,
And thy Pretty Hand my Scepter ſhall guide;
Thus charm'd with each other true, raptures we'll prove
While Angels look down, and envy our Love,

On BEAUTY

BEAUTY, thou Throne of Graces,
Bright Queen of charming Faces
Thou Soul of endleſs Paſſion,
Thou tyrant of the Nation,
Thou God that does inflame us
Thou Fury ſent to charm us;
How happy ſhould we be,
Proud Foe! wert not for thee!
Numerous ſhining Glories,
Adorn'd my lovely Chloris:
Her Face as ſweet as Summer,
Her Pride did well become her
Her Voice from Jove was given,
Each Angel flew from Heaven,
And ſmiling clapt his Wing,
For Joy to hear her ſing.
My Soul was ſtill admiring
This Syren then a Syren.
I ſtrongly did beſiege her
But ne'er durſt diſoblige her,
But ſhe like froſty Weather,
Nipp'd all my Buds together,
And thinking me untrue,
My fond Heart did undo.

The Inviration.

AH! Chloris haſten to thy Strephon's Arms
Where we'll dally midſt a thouſand Charms,

Love

Love ſhall tranſport us, while each wandering Swain
Suffers his Sheep to ſcatter on the Plain,
Lays by his Reeds, charm'd with the Thoughts of Bliſs
And envies all our blooming Happineſs.
Each Nymph ſhall ſigh while we embrace in Love,
And envy us that we ſo conſtant Prove:
O charming Chloris haſte, make haſte away,
My tormens are encreaſed by Delay.
The Tyrant Love has ſeiz'd upon my heart,
And I am wounded by his cruel Dart;
No more can I reſiſt his conqu'ring Flame,
Than to rejoyce when I hear Chloris Name.

SONG.

BRight was the Morning, cool the Air,
Serene was all the Skies,
When on the Waves I left my Fair,
The Centre of my Joys,
Heaven and Nature ſmiling were,
And nothing ſad but I;
Each roſie Field ſuch Odours ſpread,
All fragrant was the Shore,
Each River God roſe from his Bed,
And ſigh'd and lower'd his Pow'r,
Curling their Waves, they deckt her head
As proud of what they bore,
Glide on ye Waters, bear theſe Lines,
And tell her my Diſtreſs:
Bear all my Sighs ye gentle Winds,
And waft them to her Breaſt;
Tell her, If e'er ſhe prove unkind
I never ſhall have Reſt.

The Coy Bride vanquiſh'd at laſt.

FAith, Madam, be not Coy,
For I intend to rouze ye;
Think ye I have liv'd ſo long,
And know not how to uſe you?

For if ſo you do me Wrong,
Alaſs why this to me?
'Tis but in vain that from my Arms
You ſtrive your ſelf to free.
Come gently then, lie down, my Dear,
Upon your Bridal Bed;
For no leſs Stake I mean to play,
Than is your Maidenhead.
Ah! ſigh not ſo, 'tis all in vain,
I have Commiſſion now,
And to God Cupid thus, and thus,
I mean to pay my Vow.

Opportunity well taken.

WHEN Summer had adorn'd each Grove,
And in her Pride was blooming,
And Flora from her Throne above
The Air with Sweets perfuming;
Then forth I walked to view the Plains,
Where numerous Flocks were feeding,
To hear the Shepherds rural Strains,
With nimble feet proceeding.
Where in a Chryſtal purling Stream,
From neighbouring Hills deſcending,
Which ſheltered was from Phœbus Beams,
By poplar Boughs o'er bending.
I ſpy'd a pretty Shepherdeſs,
That naked there was ſporting;
Then gaze on her I could no leſs
The Sight was ſo tranſporting,
Not long could I at Diſtance ſtand,
Her geams were ſo attractive
And by heir ſecret Force command
My Paſſion to be active.
Her roſie Cheeks, and ſtarry Eyes,
Her riſing Front and Treſſes,
Her panting Breaſt and Iv'ry Thighs,
And what Love n'er expreſſes.

So

So fair a Sight beneath the Flood.
The charming Syrens singing,
I might have easier withstood,
For Love my Thoughts were winning.
Then strait I snatch'd her from the Stream,
All sighing, blushing, shricking,
And prest her on the flow'ry brim,
Until she left her squeaking.

Damon's Loss.

HAste ye beauteous Nymphs of Shades,
Haste Apollo's sacred Maids,
Damon now is in Distress,
Having lost his Happiness:
All his Joys are gone and fled,
For Amarillis she is dead,
Lend him Help, or he must die,
For Groans are all his Harmony;
Weep ye Springs, and Fountains weep,
Bleat my Flocks of tender Sheep.
With sad Songs I'll pass the Day,
And sigh the sullen Night away.
For she is gone, who from my Breast
Has banish'd all my Peace and Rest;
To the Shades I'll hast apace,
There to behold her lovely Face.
Curs'd was the fatal Hour,
When cold Death, arm'd with his Pow'r,
Put to flight the God of Love,
Whose fierce Shafts too weak did prove
To guard a Beauty so Divine:
Henceforth, Lovers, leave his Shrine,
Since his Power's so feeble grown,
That he can't defend his own:
But, O the sad Fate of my Love!
She at once two Shafts did prove;
One all Fever, t'other Ice,
Nature conquer'd in a trice;

Life from it Defences bear,
Yet ſtill ſhe ſhine, a Saint compleat,
She the Shepherd's Star ſhall be,
And kind Influence ſhed on me,
I will gazing nightly view,
Her that did my Heart ſubdue,
Shining brighteſt in the Sphere,
Beyond the Reach of mortal Fear;
Which ſhall clear my lingring Stay,
'Till to her I find the way.

Philander's Complaint.

PHilander once a merry Swain,
A charming Nymph did love,
Who never paid his Love again,
But did unconſtant prove;
Falſely the Shepherd ſhe forſook
And did his Love diſdain
Yet he in Love ſuch Pleaſure took
That he embrac'd the Pain;
Such was his Paſſion, ſuch his Flame
So full of Honour too,
That he ſtill lov'd to breathe her Name,
Although ſhe prov'd untrue.
Therefore beneath a Myrtle Shade;
One pleaſant Summer Morn,
The too unhappy Shepherd laid,
And did lament his Scorn
Thus to himſelf the wretched Swain
Though tender of her Fame,
Of Sylvia's Falſhood did complain,
Yet durſt not blaze her Name,
Dear Sylvia, why did ſt thou give away
That I ſhould talk of Love;
Yet know thou couldſt not Love repay,
Nor wouldſt my Flame approve?

When

When in its Youth my Paſſion was,
'Twas eaſy to remove;
But now 'tis grown to ſuch a paſs,
The Task too hard will prove:
For in my Heart the Love of you
Too deeply rooted is;
'Twas the firſt Grief I ever knew
Yet is my greateſt Bliſs.

Strephon's Performance.

RANGING the Plain one Summer's Night,
To paſs a vacant Hour,
Fortunately chanc'd to light
On lovely Phillis Bower.
The Nymph adorn'd with thouſand Charms
I Expectation ſat
To meet thoſe Joys in Strephons Arms,
Which Tongue cannot relate.
Upon her Hand ſhe lean'd her Head
Her Breaſts did gently riſe
That every Lover might have read
Her wiſhes in her Eyes.
At every Breath that mov'd the Trees
She ſuddenly would ſtart,
A Cold on all her Body ſeiz'd,
A trembling on her Heart.
But he that knew how well ſhe lov'd,
Beyond his Hour had ſtaid,
That both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholy Maid.
Ye Gods! ſaid ſhe, how oft he ſwore
He would be here by One;
But now, alaſs! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.
I fear he does ſome other love,
Which makes him thus neglect
My conſtant Paſſion for to prove,
And ſhew this Diſreſpect.

But scarce these Words did beat the Air
Ere loving Strephon came,
And on the Bank he laid his Dear,
Where both expresst their Flame.

The RAPTURE.

AS on Serena's painting Breast
The happy Strephon lay,
With love and Beauty doubly blest,
He past the Hours away,
Fierce Raptures of transporting Love,
And Pleasures struck him dumb,
He envy'd not the Powers above,
Nor all the Joys to come.
As painful Bees far off do rove;
To bring their Treasure home;
So Strephon rang'd the Fields of Love
To make his Honey-Comb.
Her ruby Lips he smack'd and prest,
From whence all Sweets derive;
Then buzzing round her snowy Breast,
Soon crept into the Hive

In Praise of Marriage.

UNDER the Branches of a spreading Vine,
Silvander far from Cares, and Danger free,
His vain inconstant Humour shows
To his dear Nymph that sung of Marriage Vows;
But she, with flowing Graces, charming Air,
Cries, Fye, fye, fye, My Dear, give o'er,
Ah! thy Power no more,
But thy Offence with Penitence repair:
For tho' Vice in Beauty seem sweet in thy Arms,
An innocent Beauty has always more Charms.
Ah, Phillida! the angry Swain reply'd,
Like a Mistress better than a Bride?
What Man that universal Yoke retains,
But meets an Hour to sigh and Curse his Chains?

She

She ſmiling cries, Change, change that impious Mind,
Without it we could prove
Not half the Joys of Love;
Tis Marriage makes the feeling Bliſs Divine:
Then all our Life long we from ſcandal remove,
And at laſt fall the Trophies of Honour and Love.

The Miſtreſs.

COME all ye ſmiling Loves,
That Grace the Throne of Beauty,
Adorn the verdant Groves,
Where charming Cælia lies
To her the Virgins round
Pay Homage, Zeal, and Duty;
With Heaven her Face is crown'd,
And Fate ſits in her Eyes;
A thouſand Shepherds wait upon her,
Thouſands ſhe refuſeth ſtill,
Though at her Feet they lie,
And languiſh pine and die
A too too rigid Point of Honour,
Which her Vertue uſes ſtill,
Makes wretched all the Plains,
And murthers all the Swains.
See where Love's great Monarch goes
To watch the dazling Creature,
For fear leſt her Eyes ſhould cloſe,
And ſhroud the World in Shade;
Poſſeſs her with my Woes,
Thou mighty God of Nature,
Tell her the ſweeteſt Roſe
The blaſt of Time will fade:
Inſpire her to believe my Paſſion,
And receive the trueſt Love
That ever found a part
In any Virgin's Heart:
Ah! tell her Pride is out of fashion,

Beauty,

Beauty shall divinely prove,
Like Heaven that Mercy pays
To the meaneſt Wretch that prays.

To a proud Beauty.

CLOE, Your Scorn abate, kind Beams diſcover,
Frowns purchaſe all Mens Hate, but gain a Lover,
Nature and Feature deſign'd you rare,
But while you are Proud, you are not Fair.
Nor can the Joys of Paſſion prove,
For Pride is ſtill a Foe to Love.
To Court where Tyrants ſway, who'll venture thither
Or, who'll put to Sea in ſtore my Weather?
Faces and Graces no Luſtre own,
When ſhaded by diſdainful Frown:
Ne'er to the Sun the Perſian had bow'd,
Had he hid his bright Glories behind a Cloud.
But when the Bottles row'l about, and Glaſſes,
Plague on all Intrigues, and Pox on charming Faces;
But when the Bottles row'l about, and Glaſſes,
We know no Diſdain, nor value charming Faces.
Let the puny Lover ſigh and whine, and mourn,
Like a fluttering Drone, or inſect humming;
Beauty here we ſee, more bright than any She,
Never out of Humour, kind and always coming.

Cœlia's COMPLAINT

LONG have I been wounded, but me 'erdurſt complain
Long have I been flatter'd, by yet ſtill hug the Chain.
Long cruel Parents have tortur'd my Love,
And Fate long has strove the dear Flame to remove;
But ſtill like a Rock againſt the Tide and the Wind,
I fix let the Torrent prove ne'er ſo kind;
And while my Silvander purſues his Deſire,
I ſtill bear the Timber, he carries the Fire.
The Wiſe may dull Reaſons and Morals propoſe,
And clog my ſick Fancy with Precepts like thoſe;

But

But ah! how in vain how vainly they preach!
Great Love ſurmounts all that their Reaſon can teach
Love the great Agent that Nature employs,
The God of our Paſſion and Force of our Joys.
Without whom we Soul-leſs and wretched ſhould prove
For Mortals are Beaſts 'till refined by Love.

Cœlia's VICTORY.

BOaſt no more fond Love thy Pow'r,
Or thy Paſſion ſweet and ſour;
But to Cœlia ſhew thy Duty,
Cœlia ſways the World of Beauty;
Venus now do's kneel before her,
Like the Sun that gilds the Morning,
Cœlia ſhines, but more adorning:
She like Fate, can wound a Lover,
Angel like too, can recover;
She can kill or ſave from dying.
When the raviſh'd Soul is flying.
Sweeter than the Morning Roſe is,
Whiter than the falling Snow is,
Then ſuch Eyes the Great Creator,
Choſe as Lamps to kindle Nature;
Curſt is he that can refuſe her.
Ah! hard Fate that I muſt loſe her.

A New SONG.

AT the Foot of a Willow, cloſe under a Shade,
Young Cælion and Sylvia one Evening were laid
The Youth pleaded ſtrongly for Fruits of his Love,
But Honour had forced her his Flame to reprove;
Where's the Luſtre, ſhe cries, when Clouds ſhade the Sun
Or what is brisk Nectar, the Taſte being gone?
In Flowers on the Stalk ſweet Odours do dwell,
But if gather'd, the Roſe ſoon loſes the Smell.
Thou faireſt of Nymphs, the bold Shepherd reply'd,
If ever thou wilt argue, begin on Loves Side:

In

In Matters of State, let dull Reasons be shown,
But Love is a Power will be sway'd by his own:
Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
But scandal can blast both the Chast and the Fair,
Most fierce are the Joys Love's Alembick doth fill,
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

SONG.

THOU art Fair and Cruel too,
I am amaz'd, what shall I do
To purchase my Desire?
Sometimes thine Eyes do me invite,
But when I venture kill me quite,
Yet still in thee's the Fire.
Oft have I thought my Love to quell,
And try'd its Furies to repell,
Since I no hope can find;
But when I think of leaving thee,
My Heart as much do's torture me,
As 'twould rejoyce, if kind.
Thus have I lov'd though hardly us'd,
And when I proffer, I am refus'd;
Can any suffer more?
Be coy, be cruel, do thy worst,
Though for thy sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.

Phyllis Unconstant.

CLOSE by a flowing Fountain side,
A youthful Shepherd sate,
Who while the Streams did gently glide,
Complain'd of his hard Fate.
Alas! cry'd he I am undone!
Phyllis my Joy is fled,
And leaves me sorrowful alone,
To weep 'till I am dead.
Alas! whoever would have thought,

That

That she'd unconstant prove?
When first I by her Charms was caught,
I thought no Power above
Could e'er have made her break her Vow,
Which she to Phœon made;
But ah! alas! too late I know
I am in love betray'd
I with my secrets trusted one
Who did me circumvent,
And with my Phillis now is gone,
While here I do lament.
But let 'em go, Grief break my Heart,
Since I no more can pay
To her, who by her treach'rous Art,
Late stole my Heart away.
This said the Shepherd sigh'd again,
Which eccho'd through the Grove;
And did his Phillis Loss complain,
Which stony Rocks might move.
But Phyllis she did not return,
Though cruel Nymph he cry'd;
And when he could no longer mourn,
He lay'd him down and dy'd.

Good ADVICE.

PHillida, while our tender Age is
Nature perswades us to be kind;
Love, who both Gods and Men engages,
Unto his Altars bends our Minds;
At your resisting he's offended,
And to revenge him Time and Care
Leaves you to Age, who unbefriended,
Leaves you repenting to Despair.
No more in vain then waste your Beauty,
And those sweet Treasures I adore;
To love and Nature pay your Duty,
Whilst I your pleasing Charms implore.

kindly

Kindly embrace your dear Silvander,
Preſs him upon your tender Breaſt;
That our kind Souls may gently wander
On the bleſt Banks of Happineſs.

The Diſappointed LOVER.

AH Cœlia! when we lately lov'd,
Then I enjoy'd your Heart alone;
And you my Paſſion too approv'd,
And call'd me ſtill your loyal One,
Then equal Flames and like Deſires,
Lay ſparkling in each others Eyes.
And all the Joys that Love inſpires,
Were then the Fuel of my Fires.

There was no Cypreſs to embrace,
At which the Soul can only wonder;
For what the Soul thinks no Diſgrace,
The Body ſhall ne'er part aſunder.
And who can tell how often we,
By joyning Lips have Souls exchang'd
While Pleaſure triumph'd thus to ſee
Th' Exchange ſo pleaſantly reveng'd.
Yet ſtill our Flames were pure and chaſte,
As chaſt e as are the Morning Beams;
How chanced then they did not laſt?
What Fuel fail'd to feed ſuch Flame?
Ah, Cœlia! Cœlia! well thou know'ſt,
It was no Fault of thine or mine;
But trueſt Lovers muſt be croſt
When ever Love and Fate combine
Elſe Love and Fate had different Aims,
And Love to curb Fate's envious Power
Himſelf put out thoſe am'rous Flames,
That he had cheriſh'd ſo before,

Song.

SONG.

AH, Chloris! that I now could ſit
As unconcern'd as when
Your Infant Beauty could beget
No Pleaſure nor no Pain.
When I the Dawn us'd to admire,
And praiſe the coming Day,
I little thought the growing Fire,
Muſt take my reſt away.
Your Charms in harmleſs Childhood lay,
Like Metals in the Mine;
Age from no Face took more away,
Than Truth conceal'd in thine.
But as your Charms inſenſibly
To their Perfections preſt;
And Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And in my Boſom reſt;
My Paſſion with your Beauty grew,
And Cupid at my Heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.
Each glory'd in their wanton Part,
To make a Lover be,
Employ'd the utmoſt of his Art;
To make a Charmer, ſhe.
Though now I ſlowly bend to Love,
Uncertain of my Fate,
If your fair Self my Claims approve,
I ſhall my Freedom hate
Lovers, like dying Men, may well,
At firſt diſorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What Fortune they ſhall ſee.

The

The OWL.

THou Grief of my Heart, and thou Pearl of mEyes
D'on Flannel Petticoat quickly and riſe:
And from thy reſplendent Window diſcover,
A Face that would mortify any young Lover;
For I, like great Jove, transformed do woe,
Like an amorous Owl, To whit to whoo, to whit to
(whoo.

A Lover, Ads Zowx, is a ſort of a Tool,
That of all Things you beſt way compare to an Owl,
For in ſome dark Shades he delights ſtill to ſit,
And all the Night long he cries, Whoo to whit;
Then riſe my bright Cæſia, and d'on thy Slip-ſhoe,
And hear thy fond Owl chant, Whit to whoo, to whit
(to whoo



General RULES *for Behaviour and Genteel Converſation.*

A Sprightly Converſation, and cleanly Manners, are Accompliſhments exceeding uſeful for every one that intends not to withdraw himſelf into a ſolitary Retirement, but to ſpend his Days among Perſons of Policy and refined Society. For People are to frame and compoſe themſelves and their Accounts, not according to their own private Will and Fancy, but according to the moſt poliſh'd Examples and Precepts of thoſe among whom it is their Lot to live. Not that they are to reſign their Freedom, however to employ, dictate; but without affecting Singularity, it may behove them to yield a ready Compliance in Things indifferent, ſtill retaining a due Reſpect to their own juſt Liberty.

To this purpoſe we are to avoid all ſuch Things as annoy the Senſes, and therefore it is ridiculous for any one to ſing, eſpecially if their Voices be unmanable, or that there are none to bear a part, or if they be not deſired to ſhew their skill.

Some there are who when they cough or ſneeze, do it with ſo ſhrill and forced a Sound, that they pierce the Heads of the Standers-by, and many times without turning away, beſpatter the Faces of them they diſcourſe with:

Others

Others when they yawn, make as rude a Noiſe as a Dog when he howls; and tho' they ga e as wide as their Mouths can ſtretch, will be endeavouring to continue their Talk.

Frequent Yawning intimates the Perſon to be tir. ed with his Company.

Nor is it a Thing leſs uncomely, when a Man has blown his Noiſe, to look into it, and rub his Handkerchief as if ſome Pearl or Ruby had dropt out of his Noſe.

At Table it is very uncomely for People to greaſe themſelves up to the Elbows, and make their Napkins look like Diſh-clouts, and yet after that, they are not aſhamed to blow their Noſes upon them, and ſometime to wipe off the Sweat from their Faces; therefore every one muſt take heed that he do not ſo bedaub his Fingers as to dirty his Napkin; as being then loathſome to all that look upon it.

Nor is it handſome to break Bread into ſmall Morſels, or crumble it to Pieces.

Attendants at Table are by no Means to ſcratch or rub their Heads, or any other part of their Body, in Sight of their Maſter when at Meat; nor to hide their Hands in their Boſom, or behind their Back, but to let them be in open View, neat and clean. And when they ſerve up Meat to the Table, or give a Glaſs of Drink to any one, they muſt be very cautious of Spitting and Coughing, but much more of Sneezing which breeds a Jealouſie that ſome Naſtineſs may have happen'd into what they eat or drink.

When you take a Toaſt or roaſted Apple from the Fire, 'tis unſeemly to blow away the Aſhes, there being never any Wind without ſome Water; but rather ſhake or wipe them off with a clean Cloth.

Altogether as unmannerly is it, for a Man to wet his fore Finger in his Mouth, and dip it in the Salt and

and then to lick it off again, as being the quickeſt Way to reliſh his Palate

Nor is it handſome for a Man to reach his Napkin to another under Pretence that 'tis cleaner than his for thereby he apprehends his own to be foul. Nor is it decent, when any one is diſcourſing with another to approach ſo near as to breathe in his Mouth.

It is repugnant to good Manners, for Men to compoſe themſelves to ſleep in a Place where they are met for Society; which ſhews they little value the Diſcourſe of the Company.

For Men to draw out their Sciſſors, or Penknife to clip or pare their Nails, or pick their Teeth, or cleanſe the Ears in Company, are Indecencies, not allowable in good Behaviour.

Some are ſo ridiculous as to pull out ſeveral Letters out of their Pockets, and firſt read one, then another, not forgetting ſo to order the Buſineſs, that others ſhall be ſure to read the *Superſcription*, as if they would have *themſelves* thought either to be *Men of Buſineſs*, or to be mightily courted for their *Merit*

Others, while they are diſcourſing with their Friends, make ſcurvy Faces, or ſhrug their Shoulders while the other is talking, as if they heard with a Diſguſt. Others are continually ſtriking you with their Hand or Staff, or jogging or puſhing you with their Elbows, and crying out ever and anon, *Is not this true, Sir! Have I not hit it? What do ye think o'nt', Sir?*

As to Apparel, it beſt becomes all Sorts of People when they appear in Publick, to be decently clad in all Reſpects, according to his Age, and the Quality of his Condition, and the Cuſtom of the Place where he lives: for they that otherwiſe do, ſeem to affect a Singularity diſpleaſing to moſt.

Some

Some People there are, who take great Delight to make the whole Company dance Attendance upon them, for which they never leave troubling them with impertinent Apologies; so that when the Table is covered, and People are ready to sit down, they have always some extraordinary Business to dispatch. These are never contented unless they be look'd upon as the prime Persons, and in all Particulars preferred; they must sit uppermost, have the first Seat, the softest Bed, all must wait upon them, or the whole House shall be put out of Order.

When we are among our Fellow-Companions, whom we desire to please, we should not do any thing that savours of a domineering Spirit, and our Actions and Gestures ought to carry along with them manifest Tokens of Respect and Kindness: Therefore the Chiding, and much more the Chastizing of Servants as being an Exercise of Authority and Jurisdiction is to be forborn before them to whom we bear Respect and Honour; besides that, it molests Company and interrupts Discourse: If you cannot help being vex'd and troubled, and yet dissemble it while you are at Dinner, or otherwise in Company with Equals or Superiors; for generally you invite them to be merry, not to partake of Austerities that nothing concern them; not forgetting this, That where you find one Person discomposed, you shall observe all the rest affected with it.

Neither does it become those that are Guests to be Rustical and Clownish, or inaccessible and reserved, but to demean themselves with an open and unrestrained Familiarity, as though they belonged to the same Dwelling: And therefore they are extreamly to blame, that frown upon, and brow-beat all that approach them, and never vouchsafe them one gracious Smile; that are always full of Contradictions,

ions, and will not endure harmleſs Jeſt, and Innocent Mirth.

Much like theſe are they who addict themſelves to Melancholly and Thoughtfulneſs when they are in Company; and ſit muſing in a dull Poſture with folded Arms, regardleſs of any thing propounded to them, tho' urg'd over and over, with more than uſual importunity.

Of the ſame Stamp are they who are of a ſqueamiſh Temper, and take Exceptions upon every frivolous Occaſion; which is a Humour only for Women and the moſt pitiful ſort of Men to be guilty of.

A Man muſt alſo carefully abſtain from mentioning thoſe Things, which are likely to put another out of Countenance, or turn to their Diſadvantage: it being a good Proverb, *That a Man muſt never ſpeak of a Halter in a Houſe, whoſe Father was hang'd.*

Nor is it fitting to talk Laſciviouſly and Obſcenely, to tickle the Fancy, and get into the Favour of great Men: But above all, Blaſphemous and Atheiſtical Diſcourſe is to be avoided, for it is dangerous to play with a flaming Sword, or to run merrily upon a Cannon's Mouth; but more dangerous to attempt the Unthroning of the *Almighty* and unpardonable, to droll away the Hopes of future Bliſs, and to adventure the loſing of Heaven rather than an unprofitable Jeſt. Nor do's he that prates diſhononrably of ſacred Things, merit Puniſhment, meerly for being a Platonick Lover of Wickedneſs, but becauſe he ſheweth himſelf to be an ill-bred Clown to boot, in regard his Language grates the Ears of all good Men and forces them to break Society.

Never let the Irregularities and Vices of your own Life be the Subject of your Diſcourſe; for Men deteſt in others thoſe Vices which they cherish in themſelves.

No leſs profit is it to talk of Things that ſuit not with the Seaſon, nor the Company: Among old Women to talk of Nuptials and Dancing; or of the Gayeties of Court among Peaſants and Ploughmen, or to tell of doleful Tragedies at a Wedding.

Nor is it leſs indiſcreet to be continually babbling in Commendation of his Wife and Children; *Is not my Wife a lovely Woman? She has Wit at Will upon my Word: Did you ever ſee in all your Life a prettier Boy than mine?*

No leſs troubleſome are they, who are continually vexing the Company with the Recitation of their Dreams; a ſort of Nonſence burthenſome to all the underſtanding part of the World.

But far more intolerable than theſe, are they who make it their Buſineſs to forge Untruths, and tell Stories as well of themſelves as others, meerly becauſe it pleaſes their Humour; like thoſe Debauches that carouſe whole Flagons, not to quench Thirſt, but out of an immoderate Love to the Liquor. Thus are ſome Perſons ſo notoriouſly addicted to this unſociable Vice of Lying, that their Friends are afraid to propound any Queſtion to them, leſt they ſhould give them the Opportunity of ſpeaking an Untruth. Theſe of all the Company in the World, are the moſt uſeleſs, becauſe they break the Bonds of Society, Belief, and conſequently no Profit can be made of their Diſcourſe.

Let no Man innocently brag of his Nobility, his Honour, of his Wealth or Wiſdom, as many do, nor rehearſe their Pedigrees and Titles, nor entertain their Freinds with long Stories of their Anceſtors for it is no Credit to be well born, unleſs a Man be well manner'd too; and he that has nothing but Extraction and Titles to ſet him forth, is no better than his Great Grand-Father's Tomb. Plentiful Fortunes, if not well managed, are but Snares, and

Incum-

Incumbrances; for Money is the Patent of all abſurd Actions, betraying Men into ſeveral Miſcarriages, which they would not otherwiſe have the Opportunity to commit.

Nor is a Man, on the other ſide, too much to leſſen his own Merit, nor to ſtoop to forbid Condeſcenſions by undervaluing himſelf beyond meaſure, and refuſing thoſe Honours and Commendations, which without all Queſtion are their due; This is no Virtue, but a Vice, oppoſite to Humanity in the Defect, as Arrogance in the Exceſs; for to reject a deſerved Character, and to refuſe Dignities, out of a ſeeming Lowlineſs of Mind, and Contempt of the World, and to endeavour privately to obtain them, is a Piece of Falſhood and arrogant Humility, not to be endured.

But the moſt pernicious Abuſe of the Tongue is Flattery; 'tis the Deſtruction of all the noble Deſigns of Friendſhip and Converſation; 'tis the Treachery of Love, the tickling of a Man into a Swoon, and hugging him to Death. Calumny in Compariſon of this, is a perfect Antidote; for he that ſlanders a Man, gives him Warning to ſtand upon his Guard, and to furniſh himſelf with all Weapons and Inſtruments of Defence he can think of; but Flattery fills us with Wind and Corruption 'till we burſt; he that reviles a Man, perhaps may call him Fool; but he that flatters him do's his Endeavour to make him ſo. A Paraſite is the vrieſt Slave alive, a perfect Votary to the Honour, and Pander to the Luſt of him whom he flatters: He has nothing he can properly call his own, ſince all his Faculties and Paſſions, his Appetites and Deſire, his Words, Actions, Geſtures and Behaviours, are entirely devoted to the Service, not the Ruin of his pretended Idol.

The School of *Bacchus*;

OR,

The Art *of* DRINKING:

Taught by a moſt Learned Method.

THE Eighth Liberal Science is called, *The Art of Drinking.*

The Profeſſors thereof call a Houſe where a *green Garland*, or perhaps a *painted Hoop* is hanged out, *A College.*

Where there is a Lodging, Horſe-Meat and Man's Meat, *Inn of Court.*

Where nothing is ſold but Ale and Tobacco, *A Grammar School.*

A Red Lettice, *A Free-School.*

The Degrees obtained in this School, are theſe:

A fat corpulent Fellow, *A Maſter of Arts.*

A lean Drunkard, *A Batchelor.*

He that has a purple Face enchas'd with Rubies, *A Batchelor of Law.*

He that has a red Noſe, and go's to School about Six in the Morning, and gets his Leſſon perfectly by Eleven, him they call *A Proctor.*

Now if he ſtudies the *Engliſh* Tongue, he drinks *Beer.*

If the *Dutch* —— —— —— —— *Ale.*

If the *Spaniſh* —— —— —— —— *Sack.*

If the *Italian* —— —— —— —— *Baſtard.*

If the *German* —— —— —— —— *Rheniſh.*

If

If the *Irſh*, —— —— —— *Uſquebaugh.*
If the *Welch*, —— —— —— *Metheglin.*
If the *Latin*, —— —— —— *Alicant.*
If *Greek*, —— —— —— *Muſcadel.*
If *Hebrew*, —— —— —— *Hypocras.*

The Books ſtudied are of three old Tranſlations:

The Tankard.
The Black Jack.
The Quart Pot Ribb'd.

Thoſe of the new Tranſlation:

The Mug.
The Baker.
The Single-Can or Black Jack.

The Profeſſors of this Art employ themſelves in theſe following Studies:

He that weeps in his Cups when he is Maudlin drunk, ſtudies —— —— —— *Hydromancy.*

He that Laughs and Talks much, ſtudies —— —— —— —— —— *Natural Philoſophy.*

He that gives good Counſel —— —— *Morality.*
He that builds Caſtles in the Air, — *Metaphyſicks.*
He that ſings in his Drink, —— —— *Muſick.*
He that diſgorges his Stomach, —— — *Phyſick.*
He that brags of his Travels, —— *Coſmography.*
He that rhimes *extempore*, or ſpeaks Play Speeches —— —— —— —— —— —— *Poetry.*
He that cries *Huzza Boys* is a —— *Rhetorician.*
He that calls his Fellow Drunkard, is a — *Logician.*
He that proves his Argument by a Pamphlet, or a Ballad, is a —— —— —— *Grammarian.*
He that rubs off his Score, with his Elbow, Hat, or Cloak, an —— —— —— *Arithmetician.*
He that knocks his Head againſt a Poſt, and looks up to the Sky, an —— —— —— *Aſtrologer.*
He that reels from one ſide of the Chanel to the other, a —— —— —— *Geometrician.*
He that falls into a Ditch or Chanel, a *Navigator.*

He that loses himself in his Discourse, a —— *Mooter*
He that brawls and wrangles in his Cups, a *Barrister*
He that loves to drink in hugger mugger, a *Bencher*
He that drink to all Comers, a —— *Young Student*
He that drinks upon trust, a *Merchant Adventurer.*
He that has nothing but Compliment in his Wine, a —— *Cavilier.*
He that drinks, and forgets to whom, is said To study the —— *Art of Memory*

Places of Dignity usurped from other Courts.

He that put his Friend into a Tavern by Force is called a —— *Serjeant.*
He that quarrels with his Hostess, and calls her Whore, —— *Puts in his Declaration.*
He that is silent in his Cups, is said, To —— *Demurr to the Plaintiff.*
He that engrosseth all the Talk to himself, —— *Foreman of the Jury*
He that with his loud Talk deafens all the Company, —— *Cryer of the Court.*
He that takes upon him to pay the Reckoning, —— *Pronounces Judgment*
He that wants Money while the other Pays —— *Quit by Proclamation.*
He that gives his Host a Bill of his Hand, is —— *Saved by the Clergy*
He that is so free that he will pledge all Comers. —— *Attorney General*
He that wears a Night-Cap, as having been sick of a Surfeit —— *Serjeant of the Coif*
He that is observed to be drunk but once a Week, —— *Ordinary Pursuivant*
He that takes his Rouse freely but once a Month, —— *Under Sheriff.*
He that Healths it but once a Quarter, —— *Justice of the Quorum*

He

He that takes his Rouſe once a Year
——————————*Judge of the Court.*

They have other Officers, as well Civil as Martial:
The Civil are thus reckon'd

He that is unruly in his Drink, ſwaggers, flings Pots and Drawers down Stairs, and beats the Fidler i ——————*Major Domo* or *Grand* ſteward.
He that cuts down Signs and Buſhes, Mr *Comptroller*
He that can with the Favour of the Hoſteſs's Daughter, ——————*Principal Secretary*
He that ſtands upon his ſtrength, and begins new Healths, ——————*Maſter of the Ceremonies*
He that begins new Frolicks *Maſter of the Novelties.*
He that wants Money, and pawns his Cloaks ——————*Maſter of the Wardrobe*
He that calls for Raſhers, Oyſters and Anchovies or any other Sort of Diet, ——*Clerk of the Kitchin*
He that talks much and ſpeaks Nonſence, *a Proctor*
He that tells tedious and long Tales, —— *a Register*
He that takes the Talk out of another Man's Mouth, ——————*a Publick Notary*

Their Martial Preferment.

He that drinks in his Boots and Spurs, ——————
——————*Colonel of the Regiment*
He that drinks in his Silk Stockings and Garters
——————*Captain of the Foot Company*
He that flings Bottle and Quart down Stairs, ——
——————*Marſhal of the Field*
He that calls firſt in the Company for a Looking-glaſs ——————*Camp Maſter*
He that waſhes the Faggots by piſſing in the Chimney, ——————*Corporal of the Field*
He that thunders in the Room and beats the Drawers ——————*Drum Major*

He that looks red and Colours in his Cups —— *Enſign Bearer.*

He that thruſts himſelf into Company, and hangs upon others, —— *Gentleman of the Pike.*

He that keeps Company, and has but two pence to ſpend —— *A Landſpreſade.*

He that Pockets up Gloves, Knives and Handkerchiefs —— *Sutler.*

He that drinks three Days together without Reſpite —— *an old Soldier.*

He that Swears and Lies in his Drink, *an Intelligencer.*

Their Sea Imployments.

He that Spews in his next Neighbour's Lap, —— *Admiral of the Narrow Seas.*

He that piſſes under the Table —— *Vice-Admiral.*

He that his ſlawed before the reſt, *Maſter of a Ship.*

He that is ſecond Drunk, —— *Maſter's Mate.*

He that ſlovenly ſpills his Liquor upon the Table —— *Swabber.*

He that ſteals his Liquor, *Pirate of the Narrow Seas.*

He that is ſuddenly taken with the Hiccough, —— *Maſter-Gunner.*

He that is ſtill ſmoaking with a pipe at his Noſe, —— *Cook.*

He that belches or farts much —— *Trumpeter.*

Their ſeveral Hands.

He that learns Secretary calls for *ſix Shilling Beer.*

He that deſires to write a fair Roman calls for —— *Charnico.*

He that would practice Court Hand —— *Canary.*

He that would write Chancery, calls for three Horns of —— *Braggot.*

He that would be perfect in Chequer, begins with a Draught of the Wool-Sack —— *Ale or Beer.*

He that cannot ſee the way out of the Library, muſt

must call for a legible Hand to read, which is a Cup of ——— *Sack.*

Their Penal Statutes, Forfeiture and Writ.

NO Man ought to call a good Fellow Drunkard; but if at any time he sees any Defect in his Neighbour, he may without a Forfeit say, He is Flaw'd, Flusher'd, Cup shot, Cut i' th' Leg or Back, he has seen the French King, he has swallowed a Hare or a Tavern Token, he has whipt the Cat, he makes Indentures, he has bit his Grandam, he is bit by a Barn Weasel, &c.

For the Breach of which issue out divers Writs.

The first is a ——— *Subpœna.*
The second an ——— *Exigent.*
The third, if he be Peremptory, a ——— *Capias.*
The fourth, not to be avoided, a ——— *Fieri Facias.*
If the Liquor doth not please, there goes out a ——— *Melius Inquirendum.*

Several other Offences and Writs.

He that presses into a Room without Leave, a *Forcible Entry.*

If he be admitted, he then pleads by a Writ called *Libertas Probanda.*

If he go out of the Room, and pay not for what he called in, a *Ne exeat Regno.*

If he begins to stagger two Cups is an *Attachment*

If he chance to fall under the Table a *binding Precess*

If he be drousie, and offer to sleep in the Room, an *Habeas Corpus.*

If he be dead Drunk, a *Capias Utlegatum.*

If any cease to Drink, and falls to Whispering, a *Writ of Conspiracy.*

If any unruly Drunkard chanc'd to be kicked out of the Room, *Excommunicatio Capienda.*

If he be ſuffered to ſtay with good Leave *Dedimus Poteſtatem.*

If any one hides his Head for the Reckoning, a *Latitat.*

If a Man ſit till he be fetch'd home by his Wife a *Quo Warranto.*

If he drink from Morning till Sunſet a *Diem Clauſit Extremum.*

Titles proper for the Young Scholars.

He that makes himſelf a Laughing-Stock to the whole Company, *Tenant in Fee Simple.*

He that will bezzel his Hoſteſs behind the Door *Tenant in Tail Special.*

He that kiſſes all comers in, *Tenant in Tail General.*

He that is three parts Fox'd and will be Kiſſing *Tenant in Tail after poſſibility of extinct.*

He that is permitted to take a Nap, *Tenant in the Courteſie of* England.

If two or three Women meet twice or thrice a Week to take a Goſſips Cup, they are *Tenants in Dower.*

He that has the Diſpoſing of a Donative among the Society, *Tenant in Frank Almonage.*

He whoſe Head is heavier than his Heels, holds *in Capite.*

He that whoſe Hells are heavier than his Head, holds *in Scouage.*

All Gentlemen Drunkards, Scholars, and Soldiers, hold *in Knight Service*

He that drinks nothing but Sack and Aquavitæ, holds *in Knight Sergeantry.*

He that drinks uncovered, *Tenders in Homage.*

He that humbles himſelf to drink on his Knee, *Does his Fealty.*

He that drinks only Ale and Beer, holds by *Petit Sergeantry.*

He

He that haunts Taverns or Ale-Houſes, when he comes of Age, *Pays his Relief.*

He that has ſold and morsgaged all his Lands, *Sues for his Legacy*

He whoſe Wife goes with him to the Ale Houſe is *a Free holder.*

He that Articles with his Hoſteſs about the Reckoning, *a Copy holder*

He whoſe Wife uſes to fetch him home, *Tenant at Will.*

He that ſupports himſelf by a Wall or Poſt, holds by the *Verge.*

Cuſtoms to be obſerved.

Not to drink to any Man while a Woman is in Preſence.

Not to drink to the Drawer or Tapſter, upon Pain of drinking twice.

To keep the firſt Man, and know to whom you drink.

To have a Care you ſee your ſelf pledged.

That you ſee the Health go round.

At a Parliament of Women, held at the Fleece *in* Covent-Garden, *in the Year* 1666; *being a Year Famous for many ſtrange Tranſactions, and among the reſt, for the* Statutes *following.*

Imprimis. THat he who has no other Worth to commend him, but a good Suit of Cloaths, ſhall not preſume to woce a Lady in his own behalf, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphick of his Friends Affection.

Item

Item, That no foul fac'd Lady ſhall adventure to rail at her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is more Beautiful; nor ſhall ſeek by black Calumniation to darken her Fame, unleſs ſhe be her Corrival.

Item, That no Man ſhall entitle himſelf to the matchleſs Name of a Friend, that loves upon Condition, unleſs he be a School-Maſter.

Item, That no Lady who modeſtly keeps her Houſe for want of good Cloaths to viſit her Goſſips, ſhall profeſs Contempt of the World's Vanity, unleſs ſhe ſees no hopes of the Tide's turning.

Item, That no Bankrupt Knight, who to ſet up ſhop again becomes a Paraſite, or Buffoon to a great Lord, ſhall never after ſwear by his Honour but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, That no Lady that uſes to paint, ſhall find fault with the Painter, that has not counterfeited her Picture fair enough, unleſs ſhe will acknowledge her ſelf to be the better Counterfeiter.

Item, That no Man, whoſe vain Love has been rejected by a Vertuous Lady, ſhall report that he has refuſed and caſt her off, unleſs he will patiently endure to be well Cudgelled for his Pains.

Item, That no Lady ſhall court her Looking-Glaſs above one Hour in a Day, unleſs ſhe profeſs to be an Engineer.

Item, That all Maids that are over enamour'd of themſelves, and think others ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry Bird-lime at their Backs, and to Spin at the Barn-door to catch Fools.

Item, That he that ſwears when he loſes his Money at Dice ſhall Challenge his Damnation by Way of Purchaſe.

Item, That no Lady that ſits ſimpering for want of Wit, ſhall be accounted Modeſt.

Item, That no Fellow that begins a Diſcourſe with a Woman and wants Wit to encounter her, ſhall

ſhall think he has redeem'd his Credit, by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſcivious Diſcourſe, unleſs he wear White for Winter, and Green for the Summer.

Item, That no Woman that remains conſtant for want of Aſſault, ſhall be counted chaſt.

Item, That ſhe that reſpects the good Opinion of others, beyond the being good in her ſelf, ſhall not refuſe the Name of a Hypocrite; and ſhe that employs all her time in working gaudy Trappings for her ſelf, the Name of a Spider, and ſhe that makes it her only Enquiry among her Goſſips, for new Faſhions ſhall not refuſe a Stitcher for her Second Husband.

Item, He that has reported a Lady to be Vertuous for which he profeſſes to love her, yet underhand commences a baſe Suit, and is diſdained, ſhall not preſently upon this blow, which his own Vice has given, out of Policy rail againſt her; but to his Friends in private he may ſay that his Judgment was blinded by her cunning Diſguiſe, and that he finds her wavering in Goodneſs, and ſo in Time he may openly profeſs to be her Enemy, but yet ſo diſcreet a one, as if he were loth to bring his Judgment into Queſtion; giving out withal, that he preferrs Truth even out of his own reach.

Paradoxes.

A Knight of the long Robe, is more Honourable than a Knight made in the Field: For Furs are dearer than Spurs.

A Priſoner is the beſt Fencer, for he always lies at cloſe Ward.

Burgher-maſters and Sheriffs ought not to wear Fur-Gowns at Midſummer; for they may bring in the Sweating ſickneſs.

A Cut-Purſe is the ſureſt Trade, for his Work is no ſooner done, but his Money is in his Hand.

'Tis

'Tis better to marry a Widow than a Maid, for the Caſe is plain

If a woman with Child long to lie with another Man, her Huſband muſt let her, for if he will not, ſhe will do it without him

A painted Lady befits a Captain, for he may fight under his Wife's Colours.

Rich Widows were ordain'd for Younger Brothers for they being Born to no Land, muſt plough in other Mens Soils.

'Tis dangerous to marry a Widow, becauſe ſhe is one that has caſt her Rider.

She that marries a Man of Fourſcoure, need not fear but that ſhe may abſtain from Fleſh twice a Week

A dangerous Secret is moſt ſafely kept in a Woman's Boſom; for no Man will ſearch for it there,

A Woman that ſpeaks ſeveral Languages is an admirable thing; for a *Starling* that can prate, is a Preſent for a King.

A fair Woman's Neck ſhould always ſtand awry; for ſo ſhe ſtands as if ſhe look'd for a Kiſs.

The beſt and neateſt Bodies ſhould wear the meaneſt Habits; for gaudy hangings were made to hide bare Walls.

'Tis more ſafe to be drunk with the Hops than with the Grape; for a Man ought to be more inward with his Country-Men, than with a Stranger.

Taverns are more requiſite than Schools; for it is better the Multitude ſhould be loving than learned.

Wealth is better than Wit; for few Poets have had the Fortune to be choſen Aldermen.

A nimble Page is more uſeful for a Lady than a long Gentleman Uſher, for a *Sparrow* is more active than a bald Buzzard.

'Tis better to be a Coward than a Captain; for a Gooſe lives longer than a Captain,

Several

Divers ſorts of News from ſeveral Parts.

From Bedlam,

THat the Madneſs of Love is to be ſick of one part and to be cured by another. The Madneſs of Jealouſie is, that it is ſo diligent, it always hopes to loſe it labour. That every Man a little beyond himſelf is a Fool. That Affectation is a more ridiculous part of Folly than Affection. That the Souls of Women and Lovers, are wrap'd in the Portmanteau of their Senſes.

From the Country.

That the means of begetting Man has more encreaſed the World than the end. That a Juſtice of the Peace is the only Relick of Idolatry. That next to no Wife and Children, your own are the beſt Paſtimes; anothers Wife and your Children worſe, your Wife and anothers Children worſt of all.

From Sea.

That it is nothing ſo intricate and troubleſome to rig a Ship as a Woman, and the deeper either are Fraught, the apter they are to leak; and that to pump the one, and put the other to Confeſſion, are alike equally noiſome. They tell us farther, that Expedition is every where elſe to be brib'd but at Sea.

From the Iſland of Paſſion.

A Ship arriving from the Port of *Good-hope* brings Tydings, That the People were up in Arms in the City of *Love*, the Metropolitan of the Iſland; and that after they had made themſelves Maſter of the Citadel of *Reaſon*, the Fortifications and Magazines of which they had burnt, they had conſtrained the Governour *Diſcretion* to retire to the Town of *Jea-*

louſie

louſie. Further, That the Women, in Imitation of their Husbands having taken Arms in like manner, and having beſieged the Governor in his Fort, had forc'd him to ſurrender upon Compoſition, and Conſent not only to demolish the Tower, but alſo that the Fortreſs of *Virtue*, an ancient Building, ſituated upon a Rock, ſhould likewiſe be pull'd down, to the end they might build another after their own Model upon a Level.

From the City of Beauty, *the 18th of the Month* Obligation.

The Parliament ſate down the third of this Month at what time Monſieur, *Tittle Tattle*, the Speaker, made a Speech filled with Verſes ord fine Thoughts. The Sieur *Allurement* returned him an Anſwer with that ſoftneſs with which he was very well ſatisfied and promiſed him, that the City ſhould furniſh him with a Million and half of Glances for the War againſt the *Rillians* Hearts and ſhould moreover raiſe a Regiment of Charms for the Service of *Love*. 'Tis believed, that before the Eſtates riſe, that Monſieur *Tittle-tattle* will ſettle an Office of *Billet Doux*, a Tax of a thouſand Kiſſes a Day, for a thouſand Lips that he intends for the Garriſon.

From the Country of the Great Duke, *the 4th of the Month of* Abſence.

They report that this Country is very much alarmed upon the March of General *Intereſt*, who advances forward with an Army of forty Thouſand *Tranſports* in Diſguiſe, and a great Number of Engines and Fire-works. *Love*, that follows with a great Body of *Forced deſires*, had emptied his Garriſons of *Obligations* and *Aſſiduities*, which he had to the Cities of the Provinces of *Fair-cheeks* and *Merit*, having abandoned them to the *Infidels* who have made themſelves Maſters of them, who after they had plundered them, were marched towards *Great Dowry*, intending

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to lay Siege as well to that as the first of *Interest* both at a time.

From the Camp before Cruelty, *the 6th of the Month* Despair.

The besieged made a Sally with above an hundred provoked *Looks*; the 14th at Night, beat down all the Enemies Works; killed three hundred Soldiers of the Regiment of *Zeal*, and nailed two great Pieces of Cannon, called *Sobs*. But the next Night the two Colonels, *Noble Air* and *Fair Play*, mounted the Guard, vigorously assaulted the Half-Moon of *Rigour* which defended the Gate, where they defeated and beat into the City all the *Disdains* that defended it, while it was at the same time played upon by eight Cannons that carried each their six Pound Balls of Silver, they made a great Breach, and forced the City to capitulate; whereupon the Master of the Camp *Good-Gift*, and *Handsome present*, Superintendant were appointed to treat upon the Articles of Surrender.

From the Republick of Rejoicing, *the 18th of the Month* Delight.

The Senate being set some Days since, ordered the demolishing the Tower of *Shame* which defended the City, and which the Princess *Modesty* had formerly caused there to be built. They also made an Act, by which the Princess was commaded to retire out of the Territories of the Republick, in twenty four Hours, upon pain of letting loose the Populacy of *Wanton Embraces* and *Lascivious Toyings*, upon her. The Senate also published an Edict, that the Inhabitants, *Enjoyments* and *Caresses*, should prepare for the Reception of General *Good Companion*, who had appointed to make his Entry the next *Friday* about Sun-set.

From

From the Caſtle of Counterfeit Devotion, *the 6th of the Month* Hypocriſie

The Marqueſs *Fear* and *Trembling*, blocked up the Caſtle ſome Days ſince, not caring to approach nearer for fear of the Mines, of which there are a great Number to guard all the *Avenues* to the Fort; he ſent Collonel *Cruſty Knave* to view the Fortifications and Countenance of the Enemy; who returned with two Braggadocios, Captains of the Place, whom he had taken Priſoners, who reported that the Caſtle was in great want of Proviſions, and eſpecially of Cannon and Muſquet-Bullet, and that the Soldiers and Cannoniers, had Orders to make a great Noiſe, and fire often, only to terrify the Camp, and to give falſe Alarms to the ſame Purpoſe. They alſo gave Intelligence, that there was but one falſe Sally Port belonging to the Place, called *Counterfeit Innocence*, through which the Beſieged pretended to make their chiefeſt Sallies; and that if he had a mind to carry the Place, he need no more than enter ſilently in the Night-time with his Forces. Upon this Intelligence, the Marqueſs *Fear* and *Trembling*, drew out of the Regiment of *Secriſie* and *Silence* a ſmall Party, with Orders by a By way to attack the Fort called *Sugar-Words*, and ſo to carry the Place by *Counterfeit Innocence*, which was done with very good Succeſs. The Marqueſs being enter'd the Caſtle found a great Number of great Guns of painted Wood mounted upon the Walls, and a great Number of Paper, Engines to ſcare the Timorous.

From the Fortreſs of Scorn *the 12th of the Month* Indifferency.

Four thouſand *Reſpects*, with ſome Pioneers, called *Articles*, under the Command of Count *Matrimony* being poſted upon a riſing Ground over againſt the Fortreſs of *Scorn*, with an Intent to attack the Place fired a great Number of great Guns, and among the

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leſt ſeveral *Culverines*, call'd *Rebuffs*, which forc'd the Count to retire after he had received a great Defeat. And loſt in the Skirmiſh two of his Captains, *Good Deſign* and *Good Earneſt*, who were kill'd in the attack: But ſome Days after the Duke of *Noble Family*, coming to his Relief, and having found way to hold Correſpondence with a Lady of Honour, attending the Governour Monſieur *Ambition*, commanded Captain *Great Quality* to be ready to give the Onſet upon the firſt Signal, which was a great Fire that was to appear in the Heart of the Place Which Captain *Quality* obſerving, ſo furiouſly attack'd the Gate call'd *Good Opinion*, that he preſently won it, by which Means giving Entrance to the reſt of the Beſiegers, the Fortreſs was taken by Aſſault, and pillag'd. This Misfortune conſtrain'd Scorn (deſirous to repair her Loſſes) to ſend away Commiſſioners to Count *Marriage*, to pray him to come and take poſſeſſion of a Place, of which ſhe offer'd to make him Maſter; but the Count diſmiſſed them without ſo much as giving them Audience.

From the Kingdom of Gallantry, *the* 30*th of the Month* Little-Care.

The States of the Kingdom have ordered great Levies to recruit the Garriſons of the Frontier Cities more eſpecially thoſe of *Ball* and *Comedy*, to expreſs the Incurſions of certain Savage People, called *Hypocrites* and *Diſſemblers*, who were wont ſometimes to rage in that Kingdome and lay it waſte. The Count *Carnival* or *Maſquerade*, was made Captain-General, and has already diſpatched Commiſſions to the Barons of *Hautboys* and *Violins* to levy Forces that are march with all ſpeed to the City of *Grand-Ball*, which is to be the General Rendezvous. In the mean time Count *Maſquerade* has ſent out ſeveral Scouts and mount Couriers to bear the Road, and get Intelligence of the March of the *Barbarians*, who being advanced

vanced as far as a River call'd *Cornto*, which ret[ires] by the City of *Grand Bal*, where they are repuls[ed] by the Baron of *Violins*, and they understand by [some] Prisoners taken, that those People will return very sudden again, commanded by a formidable Captain call'd *Don Lent*, who threatens the utter Subversion of the City of *Comedy*, and to ruin the Territories of *Pamper Flesh* and *Good Cheer*, which are the most pleasant Countries of the Kingdom.

From the Mountain of Pride, *the 7th of the Month* Presumption.

A Party of Complaisant *Amours* passing by this Mountain to go to the City of *Respect* which is a Borough seated in the Valley, of which the Houses are all but one Story high, was met by a Troop of *Banditti* named *Capritio's*, who took the chiefest of them Prisoners, with an intention to make them pay a Ransom of Ten Thousand *Tea Madams*: But two Regiments of *Amour indifferent*, and *Careless Amour* joining with those of the Repelled Party that were escaped set upon the *Banditti*, who had fortified themselves in a Wind mill called *Vanity*. Nevertheless they defeated the *Banditti* and set the Prisoners at Liberty: after which a *Careless Amour* having got to the top of *Pride-Hall*, and throwing a Scandal Stone into a Hole in the Mountain, caused such a Tempest there, that all the *Amours* perished together in the said Mountain; which together with the Parts adjacent, were laid waste by the said Tempest.

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Pleasure

Pleaſant Riddles *for Merry Company.*

Q. 1. TEN Teeth and ne'er a Tongue. It is Sport for Old and Young: I pulled it out of my Yellow Fleece And tickled it well on the Belly-piece? A. *It is a Violin.*

Q. 2. As I went into the Street at eight o'Clock at Night I look'd in at a little hole, and ſaw a pretty Sight; I ſaw a Gentlewoman trimming her Attire, And ſhe was prettily occupied a little beyond the Fire: I look'd in at a little Hole, as little as I could ſee, I ſaw a thing go up and down a little above her Knee? A. *It was a Woman a Sewing.*

Q. 3. On yonder Hill there ſtands a Knight, Booted and Spurr'd and ſet upright: Gray griſſ'd his Horſe, black is his Saddle: Now I have told you his Nome thrice, what is his Name ſay you?

A. *The Man's Name is* His.

Q. 4 I am called by the Name of [illegible] yet am little as a Mouſe, When Winter [illegible] I love to With my red Target near the Houſe?

A. *A Robin red Breaſt.*

Q. 5. I ſaw a Fight the other Day, a Damſel did begin the Fray; She with a daily Friend did meet, Then ſtanding in the open Street. She gave ſuch hard and ſturdy Blows, He bled Ten Gallons at the Noſe; Yet neither ſeemed to faint Nor fall, nor give her any Buſe at all? A. *A Pump.*

Q. 6. A Beggar once exceeding poor, A Penny pray'd me give him; And deeply vow'd he'd never ask More, and I ne'er more to give him; Next Day he begg'd again, I gave, Yet both of us our Oaths did ſave? A. *He gave him but a Penny.*

Q. 7

Q. 7. I went and I went and I cannot tell whither I met, and I met, and I cannot tell who; I had a Gift given me I ſhall never forgo, And yet I came a true Maid home? A. *It is a Child went to be Chriſtned.*

Q. 8. A Water there is I muſt paſs, A broader Water never was, And yet of all Waters I ever ſee, To paſs over it leſs Jeopady? A *It is a Dow.*

Q. 9. There was a Woman at Well ſcouring of her Coal-black, There was a Man at the Fen wagging of his Wig-wag; ſhe wiſh'd his Wig-wag was in her Coal-black? A. *It was a Man a Fiſhing, and a Woman at the Well ſcouring her Kettle, deſiring his Fiſh were in her Coal Black.*

Q. 10. I have a Chapel all in green, Forty Soldiers be therein, And every Soldier cloathed in white, I'll give you a Groat and tell me it right?

A. *It is a Pumpkin?*

Q. 11. When in the Maids, or Good Wives hands The Gallant firſt had Grace to ſtand, Whence to a Male they him apply, Where he will both live and die? A. *A Candle.*

Q. 12. As I ſate on a Bed, I put in a Pin, I gave Jog with my Arſe, and all ſlipt in?

A. *It is a Woman a ſetting of Herbs.*

Q. 13. Four and Twenty white-Bulls ſate upon a Stall, Forth came the red Bull and over lick'd them all? A. *It is one's Tongue and Teeth.*

Q. 14. What is that which is rough within, and red without, And briſtled like a Bears Snout; There's never a Lady in the Land, But will be content to take it in her Hand? A. *It is an Eglantine Berry, which is rough within, and red without, and hath Briſtles on the top.*

Q. 15. As I was walking late at Night, I through the Window chanc'd to ſpy, A Gallant with his Heart delight; he knew not that I was ſo nigh, He kiſs'd her, and cloſe did ſit, To little pretty wanton Gill

Until

Untill he did her Favour get, And likewiſe did obtain his Will? A. *A Young Man in a Tavern drinking a Gill of Sack to cheer his Spirits, which by drinking thus obtained his Will.*

Q. 16. A pretty thing as I ſuppoſe A pretty thing without a Noſe, It has a Beard, and hath no Chin And I can put two handfuls in. A. *It is a Muff.*

Q. 17. I have a Knack above my Knee, Long it is and deep it is, And in the midſt a Hole there is: Fourth came a young Man, and put in a Thing two Handfuls long? A *It was a Maid that had a Sheath, and a young Man put a Knife into it.*

Q. 18 I went to the Wood and got it, I ſat me down and ſought it, And kept it ſtill againſt my Will And ſo by force home I brought it?

A. *It was a Man had a Thorn in his Foot, and he ſat down to look it, and he could not find it by no Means.*

Q. 19. There is a Tree made for the nonce It bears pretty Fruit, with prickly Stones; They yield moiſture and pure thick, It ſeldom makes a Lady ſick: Moſt Maids and fair the ſame doth pull. 'Tis round 'tis plump, 'tis hard, 'tis full; Put them in and ſuck and then they ſtay, And caſt the empty Skin away: So that which was both round and plump and hard, Is quickly limber, ſpoil'd and mark'd?

A. *It is a Gooſeberry Buſh bearing Fruit.*

Q. 20. As I went to the Wood ſpinning, ſpinning I had a thing in my Hond gerning, gerning, Forth came a Woodcock and put in his Bill, Then I clap'd to my Legs and held it ſtill; Hoop Dame, let on the Pot, My thing hath got a jolly Woodcock?

A *It is a Buck that had clap'd his Horns into a Buſh and could not get them out again.*

Q. 21. Unto the *Exchange* I went, Some Knacks there for to buy; Within a Cloyſter there was pent A Monſter certainly: Feet and Hands it had full

Eight,

Eight, Four Eyes clear of Sight; Four Ears whereby to hear, And two Bodies exceeding clear.

A. *It was an* Exchange *Woman big with Child.*

Q. 22. Beyond the Sea there is an Oak, And in th Oak there is a Neſt, and in that Neſt there is an Egg, and in that Egg there is a Yolk, Which calls together Chriſtian Folk?

A. *The Oak is the Church, the Neſt is the Belfrey, the Egg is the Bell, and the Yolk is the Clapper.*

Q. 23. There was two Fathers a Hurting went, And alſo two Sons for the ſame Intent, They caught Conies in all but three. Yet every one had one, how may thi be? A. *One of the Sons had a Son; thi is the Father, and ſtandeth both for the Father and Son.*

Q. 24. There was a King met a King in a narrow Lane, Said the King to the King, Where hait thou been? I have been in the Wood hunting the Doe, I prithee lend me thy Dog, that I may do ſo; Call him to thee and tell me his Name, I count him a wiſe Man that tells me the ſame. A. *The Dog's Name was* Bin.

Q. 25. Stiff ſtanding in a Bed, Firſt white and then red, The faireſt Lady in the Land, Might be ſeen to take it in her Hand, and put it in her Hole before?

A. *It was a Strawberry.*

Q. 26. As I went over *Hettery Tottery* I look'd into *Harbora Lily*; I ſpy'd a Cutteril playing with her Cambril; I cry'd ho Neighbour ho, lend me your Cue, and your Goe, to ſhoot yonder Cutterel, playing with your Cambril, and you ſhall have the Curl of her Loe. A. *It was a Man called to his Neighbour for a Gun to ſhoot a Deer, and he ſhould have her Umbles.*

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FINIS.